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WE had begun to think that the only stable and permanent agencies of government in the world were the various occupying armies. Cabinets might be hurled from office, kingdoms might crash, but the occupations seemed to go on forever. They had no virtue but that of an enforced stability, but we had grown used to them as a part of the world's landscape. And so it has been a pleasant shock to view, through the columns of the press, the departing backs of the British, French, and Italian troops as they marched to the Constantinople quays and embarked for home. The Allied occupation has ended and for better or worse Constantinople is itself once more. So far the change seems to be for the better, for the Turkish Nationalist Government has announced, perhaps by way of celebrating the departure of Western democracy from the land, that a republic will be established "with a president, a premier, and a responsible cabinet." We have already published articles discussing hopefully the chance of democracy in Turkey, and have been denounced for taking the fair words of the Nationalist leaders for actual deeds. In establishing the new form of their state, free from foreign interference or the threat of war, Turkey has an opportunity to show that those who have watched her progress with hopeful interest were not misled, and that the words of her leaders were not empty ones.

PARTIES and individual ministers have become almost insignificant in Germany; behind them move powerful economic forces. The working class, the raw-material industries, the finishing industries have been the three protagonists in the struggles which have appeared to the public as the fall of the Cuno Government and the reorganization of the Stresemann Government. Stresemann came into office pledged to radical financial reform and to a program of conference with France. His ministers elaborated an economic program, but it got nowhere—it met the opposition of Hugo Stinnes and the raw-material industries. The Minister of Economics, Herr von Raumer, was a member of the same political party as Hugo Stinnes, but he represented the finishing industries. In the interest of those industries and, as he believed, of Germany, he sought to put an end to profiteering in coal and to regulate the price of coal. He had to get out. Rudolph Hilferding, Socialist Minister of Finance, wanted to place taxes on a gold basis, to force the coal owners in particular to pay a tax proportionate to their profits. He had to get out. And so the same Stresemann who came into office with such high hopes and fine promises continues in office, supported by the same parties, with his hopes gone and his promises broken.

POINCARE has expressed his contempt for Stresemann, and the order to abandon passive resistance has produced no rapprochement of the French and German governments. Perhaps there is reason for this contempt for the nominal head of the German Government. Hugo Stinnes, without even consulting Stresemann about it, has gone to the Ruhr with a troop of his fellow-industrialists, and has there consulted with General Degoutte, Poincaré's consul, apparently to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. What is the result of this new form of secret diplomacy—secret even from the Government to which Stinnes seems to dictate—we do not yet know. We can be certain only that Stinnes and Poincaré will find a first point of agreement in contempt for the German workers, and that whatever treaty of alliance may be signed between the German and French steel interests will be made at the expense of the employees. The eight-hour day and the shop councils, first fruits of the revolution of 1918, seem doomed.

BRITAIN'S Imperial Conference and Imperial Economic Conference open at a low ebb of imperial prestige. Mr. Baldwin's humiliating vacillations have left England for the time an almost negligible factor in Continental policy; the honorable debt settlement with the United States has had little effect on American opinion and has embittered France rather than encouraged her to do likewise; the return of Zaglul to Egypt and the loans to Mr. Cosgrave's Government in Ireland have not solved the problems of those trouble-spots; and unemployment and trade distress continue in the home country. Without German and Russian markets Britain is hard put, and there seems little likelihood of acceptance of any scheme of imperial preference which would substantially increase the colonial market for British goods. India is learning to make her own cotton

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into cloth; General Smuts, pressed by the Nationalist opposition, would not dream of advocating closer imperial ties and has recently asserted his independence in the Kenya affair; Canada has just insisted that the British Minister at Washington keep his signature off treaties which she makes with the United States. Mr. Bruce of Australia is almost alone at London in asking that his dominion share in framing imperial foreign policy and in offering to share the cost of imperial defense. He wants closer trade relations, but even he is opposed to a preferential tariff, and his political opponents in the antipodes are already denouncing him as an "imperialist."

THE revolution in Bulgaria has crumbled under fire; thousands of rebels are said to have been mowed down by the government troops, Communist and agrarian leaders have been executed, hundreds of men are in jail. And thus, according to present-day methods, "order and tranquillity have been reestablished throughout Bulgaria." We have seen order and tranquillity established by these means before—in Hungary, for instance, and recently in Spain. Sometimes they continue a surprisingly long time—as long as terror is more strongly rooted in the hearts of the people than hate and resentment. But they cannot last forever unless the masses who have been suppressed are ultimately placated. And the present Bulgarian Government by undoing the land reforms of Stambuliiski and wiping out even the symbols of democracy has made it certain that neither peace nor tranquillity will be its permanent share.

JAPAN, as an aftermath of the earthquake, announces that she will cut her military budget for the current year by five million yen (a yen is worth about fifty cents) and for the next year by ten million yen. This gives added point to a letter to the New York *Evening Post* which, stating that two of Japan's capital ships were lost in the disaster, suggests that President Coolidge might seize the occasion to carry the Harding disarmament program farther still and propose to Great Britain that she and the United States scrap a proportionate share of the naval tonnage left to them by the Washington treaties. The correspondent points out that all the millions of dollars raised in this country for Japanese relief barely equal the cost of a single battleship. What fools we are! We are appalled at an earthquake, and empty our pockets for relief, but we throw away in battleships the cost of many earthquakes.

THERE was little in the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Portland, Oregon, to encourage those who would like to see the Gompers machine go down before a more progressive leadership. Mr. Gompers rode all his pet hobbies through the convention without a fall or even a stumble, seemingly stronger and less unseatable than for a number of years past. His antipathy toward radicalism in America was more marked than ever, and he found the officers of the United Mine Workers ready to accomplish for him the expulsion of William F. Dunne, of Butte, Montana, a member of the Workers' Party. This was done ostensibly on the ground that Dunne was seeking to destroy the labor movement but actually for the purely political reason that the old-line leaders fear their radical opponents. All of which is in marked contrast with the progressive action of British workers in electing Margaret Bondfield as president of the Trade Union Congress. Mr. Gompers succeeded also, as usual, in squelching all efforts toward using the Federation as the basis of a labor party. The adamant position of labor's old guard on this issue is probably not susceptible of change. The hope lies in so educating the mass of the workers, especially the young recruits, that they will push new leaders into position. To make headway labor must coordinate its political with its economic power, and even then its cry will be for more strength.

WHAT the rights of a minority in an organization should be was a question raised sharply in the A. F. of L. convention not only in regard to the Workers' Party but also with respect to the Federated Press. In the latter case the report of the A. F. of L.'s special committee is an illuminating example of muddleheadedness. The first point made against the Federated Press is that its European manager is Louis Lochner, a pacifist who headed the People's Council of war days. Now if the labor movement is to purge its ranks of pacifists, it would better dissolve at once before it gets the workers at each other's throats again in a general world war. Equally ridiculous is the charge that the Federated Press tries "to report the news of all 'pretending-to-be' factions and wings of the labor movement." What, pray, should a labor-press association do which is trying to occupy a nonpartisan position toward the workers' movement as a whole?

MAGNUS JOHNSON, the second Farmer-Labor candidate Minnesota has elected to the United States Senate, does well to emphasize the field that still exists for political action in this country. It has become rather the fashion in advanced labor circles to view with cynicism and indifference the possibilities of progress through constitutional political means. This attitude is certainly justified if we look only to the old political parties. Fortunately events like the election of Shipstead and Johnson in Minnesota prove that the old organizations are not as impossible to dislodge as it sometimes seems, and we must not lose faith in political progress through other groups. Mr. Johnson rightly points out that the G. O. P. has been talking cooperation to the farmer solely as a means of "passing the buck." Minnesota, he says, is thick with cooperative societies and yet "the best marketing organization is feeble if there is no market." Viewed as economic factors consumers' and producers' organizations are among our most hopeful movements, but as Mr. Johnson says: "We know that cooperation or economic organization of any kind is not a substitute for a just or honest government."

NOW the Filipinos are talking of adopting Gandhi's method of non-cooperation. General Wood's administration seems to have come to an impasse. The election of October 2, held in a district which is normally hostile to the Nacionalista and Collectivista parties which are fighting General Wood, gave an 11,000 majority to the coalition. It is nonsense for papers like the New York *Times* to discover a victory for General Wood in the fact that 42 per cent of the voters favored Sumulong, the Democrata candidate. The essential fact is that 58 per cent voted against him where in ordinary times any Democrata was a safe bet. Manuel Quezon's courage in making the election a

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test of the Filipino people's abhorrence of the Wood regime is vindicated. Quezon's candidate, Ramon Fernandez, was not strong personally. He was implicated in the inefficiency which General Wood had discovered in the conduct of the Philippine National Bank. The voters showed plainly that they preferred even inefficient Filipinos acting in Filipino interests to efficient representatives of Wall Street. Most Americans will sympathize with them.

IN the two short weeks of their control the editors of the New York *Leader*—née *Call*—have made a good newspaper. If they have followed closely the make-up and headlining of the other evening papers it is doubtless deliberate and probably wise; there is no reason to suppose that the 300,000 organized workers who, through their unions, are the present owners of the paper, would either buy or read it if it failed to provide the features they have come to recognize on the face of their accustomed papers. Crime and comic strips, sports and "columns"—the *Leader* provides them all. And if the comics are rather worse than most, the sporting pages are excellent, and Howard Brubaker's column, The Cheer Leader, provides far and away the best puns in town. We wish it might appear every day instead of three times a week. A school page and a woman's page will fill out the proper departments of a paper which sets out to be a "regular paper." The editorial page is a vigorous and lively defender of the radical position in politics and economics and of labor's rights in industry. There is plenty of room for change and improvement in a labor paper only a fortnight old; but already the workers of New York have an organ which deserves their steady support.

IT is human nature that the naval officers involved in the disaster on the California coast should seek for excuses to save themselves from blame and the service from ignominy, but we had not supposed any of them would have the impudence to transform a display of negligence and foolhardiness that cost twenty-three lives into propaganda for increased appropriations. Yet Captain James H. Tomb, chief of Destroyer Squadron 12, stood up before the investigating court and glibly proclaimed that if Congress had not refused appropriations "for the proper equipment of destroyer squadrons" the tragedy would not have happened; he complained especially that the vessels lacked "sonic depth-finders" with which to take soundings. Depth-finding fiddlesticks! An old-fashioned lead line would have been sufficient, if the officers had been willing to slow up long enough to use it. We doubt if Congress will be much inclined to increase naval equipment until the service can show a personnel with the competence and the care not to drive full speed through a fog when approaching a rock-impounded coast.

WHAT Ireland has long needed for her intellectual and spiritual healing and what America needs for an understanding of Ireland has been provided in the *Irish Statesman*, a weekly journal edited by George W. Russell (Æ), the first issue of which appeared in the middle of September. This is a revival of the publication of the same name which was started by Sir Horace Plunkett and expired in 1920, after only one year of existence, for lack of funds. The new paper is backed financially by a group of anonymous Americans of Irish descent. They have left the control of the paper in the hands of its editor and a small board of management of which Sir Horace is a member. The *Irish Statesman* supports the Free State, but its position is none the less critical and independent. Principally it is dedicated to a policy of reconciliation between the factions of South Ireland and between the North and the South. It is moderate and tempered in its tone, and consequently it will displease the extremists in all the camps; but among the tired and peace-loving majority of the Irish people its quiet intelligence may easily sound more loudly than the shouts of the bitter partisans. And to the friends of Ireland in other lands it offers hope of some better counsels in that distracted country.

NEWS from France does not consist exclusively of the jingo speeches of the Prime Minister. There appeared the other day the story of a young man in the employ of the Paris office of the American Express Company who had managed to steal 475,000 francs from the firm and spend it on his best girl before he was found out and arrested. He was brought to trial, admitted his guilt, and the prosecuting attorney demanded that he be severely punished. A long time behind the bars seemed to be the young man's fate until his lawyer rose to remind the jury that boys will be boys and that it costs more to be a boy nowadays that once upon a time. The advocate then described the American Express Company as a fabulously rich organization which had made big profits exploiting people on French soil, which had heaped up millions in exchange operations that had depreciated the franc, which was managed on so poor a system that the peculations of the young man were almost inevitable and, finally, which had a great deal more money than was good for it anyhow. When the lawyer for the defense sat down the jury acquitted the young man almost upon the spot and could scarcely be restrained from sending the American Express Company to jail for twenty years. Far be it from us to condone such a verdict. We realize that it was—well, everything you say. But there was something ingratiatingly human about that jury, wasn't there?

WE do not know whether Zev or My Own is the faster American three-year-old. We do know that the public always sides with the under dog or the long-shot horse and that a substantial section of it feels that the Jockey Club's officers and the trainer of Zev were guilty of poor sportsmanship in not giving My Own a better chance to demonstrate that he was the proper contender to be matched against the English Derby winner, Papyrus, in the international race at Belmont Park. If Papyrus gallops home with the $100,000 stakes, there will be many to say that had My Own run against him the tables would have been turned. But all this is not Zev's fault; he is a thoroughbred even if some of the mere humans about him are not. He is said to be as gentle and as well-mannered as the much-extolled Papyrus, and his past performances have shown him to have the heart of a steam engine and legs like steel springs. We hope both horses get away together, reach the final stretch before the grandstand neck and neck, and then that one (we don't care which) in half a dozen furious leaps passes the judges' post a full half length ahead.

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The Twilight of a Civilization

WE generally think of people as living in states, nations, social organizations of various kinds. This conception is useful but it bears as little relation to reality as the algebraic symbols of some formula do to the actual facts of a path in the woods, the timber for a house, the diminishing weight in sickness of somebody that we love. Beauty, peace, terror, and grief—these are the actual elements of human life. And these are felt by individuals. All aggregations are symbolic. The reality consists of men and women, each with his portion of suffering or joy. It follows that the measure of an age, a period, a year, is the peace, the freedom, the absence of unbearable pain and shattering delusion that mark the lives of the individuals who make up mankind.

Now, it is very well and very wholesome to be optimistic, if optimism is the result of clear vision. If it is the result of wearing blinkers it destroys the very elements that might legitimately feed it. Shut your eyes to evil and you let it alone; you do nothing about it; you let it wax and grow fat. While you are comfortable the world goes more and more to the devil. But tomorrow—this is the warning that must be sounded today in the ear of every liberal, of every lover of freedom and of the true goods of civilization—tomorrow the knife will be at your throat.

We used to read in school and college about Roman history and Roman politics, about government by murder and dictatorship and the proscription of the "outs." And these things, in our ordered world, seemed to have so little reality that they read like a legend and we scarcely believed that the severed head of the slain Cicero was the same that pleaded for beauty and truth in the name of Archias, the poet. Well, murder, dictatorship, the proscription of "outs"—these things are upon us. The gains of centuries are lost. Horthy exterminates his opponents or drives them into exile; the Fascisti throttle the press and administer castor-oil; Hitler and his Fascist legionaries in Bavaria talk of the sacred honor of the German name and mean the pogrom of Jews and Socialists; the Bulgarian Communists are being interned in prison camps copied from those Hungarian camps where men and women literally rotted to death. When the Russian revolution of 1905 was on, America shuddered at the tales of floggings in Czarist prisons; it rightly held flogging to be symbolic of the vilest barbarism. Today America is the classic land of the knout, the only home of lynchings. In Oklahoma a military dictatorship, benevolent, perhaps, but still a military dictatorship, locks horns with a Fascist mob whose weapon is the torch, the faggot, and the knout. North Germany, the classical land of moderate socialism, is being driven at this moment under an industrialist and reactionary yoke that will re-establish the worst terrors of feudalism without its old religious and social mitigations. The assassination of Rathenau continues what the assassination of Jaurès began. A dark age is upon us.

It is, as we said, the individual and his fate that count. All through Central Europe the intellectual classes are dying of slow starvation: students labor in mines; physicians, after a day of toil, are waiters or film operators at night; it is dangerous to speak German on the streets of Prague or Ukrainian on those of Lemberg; one of the greatest of living German actresses is insulted on the streets of Berlin because of her slightly Jewish cast of features; a Catholic can hardly teach school in an Alabaman or Texan village; the roads from Central and Eastern Europe to Constantinople and Trieste swarm with ragged and penniless Jewish students expelled from the Polish and Hungarian universities; the fugitives from Smyrna are smothering Athens, those from the East, Vienna and Berlin; our Negroes are being driven northward by the tens of thousands—they flee from insult, pogrom, the knout, and the stake. Jewish families that have passed long and honorable lives in Southern communities find life increasingly difficult and friendless. White terror, Fascisti, Ku Klux Klaners—these are but varying names for an engulfing wave of barbarism.

This picture is not overdrawn. It is made up of solid facts visible to all who can see. It does not dig sufficiently, of course, into the concrete and place before the imagination strongly enough the men and women and children in the deadly and hourly grip of hunger, of disease, of terror, of insupportable injustice. Yet we do not despair; we speak out because we do not despair, because, in fact, we believe that the forces of peace and justice and tolerance are still strong enough in the world to make a stand. In America, in England, among the temporarily silenced liberals and humanitarians of Italy and Germany, in Holland and Scandinavia and Mexico, even in Poincaré's France, there exist vast spiritual resources that can be stirred to work for a rebirth of a measure of liberty, peace, and justice.

But the liberals of the world must not deceive themselves; they must dwell in no fool's paradise; they must not let divisions and controversies among themselves cause their ranks to waver. England trembles at the air-fleets of France; a reactionary imperium is linking up the Bavarian, Hungarian, and Italian forces; festering injustice is making for war among the cruelly oppressed minorities of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia; rumors of war stir Europe periodically, and the sighs of relief she breathes as each fresh crisis passes are no deeper or more permanent than those of the first decade of this century. Let but the torch of war be lit and all the forces of reaction, myth, blood, hate will easily darken the minds of men with the false cries of national honor, security, and defense.

We have seen it. Let it be our effort that it shall not be again. Let us forget the questionable distinction between liberal and radical, socialist and economic meliorist. The day of building a new and better world is, alas, far off and questions of method may be left to the future. The problem of the hour is to save the slow gains that were made in the period from the French Revolution to the World War. It is no less than that. The days when we can afford to sneer at nineteenth-century liberalism are over. If the united front of all the active liberals in the world can but save that liberalism as a starting-point for the future, it is more than we can expect at this moment; it would be enough to carry the hope of our civilization through one of its darkest and most desperate crises.

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Lloyd George, Puppet

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has come to the United States, presumably to make money. It is a habit that many Englishmen have, and Americans surely should be the last to protest when Englishmen follow such good American pursuits. Mr. Lloyd George, it seems to us, has a right to his royalties, and his sponsors naturally will advertise him as best they may. We feel that our neighbor, the *Freeman*, is too liberal with its indignation when it shouts that

> Mr. Lloyd George . . . has spent eight busy years in the deliberate and purposeful organization of mendacity, murder, robbery, arson, oppression, and famine; and it is sheerly on the strength of his success in these elevated pursuits that he presumes to come among us.

From across Park Row comes the welcoming bark of the *World:*

> We have with us this morning, ladies and gentlemen, one of the nine wonders of the world. For according to reports here is a man who consists of many men in one: The Man Who Won the War and the Man Who Lost the War, the Man Who Botched the Peace and the Man Who Tried to Save the Peace, a Liberal Tory, a Tory Liberal, a savior and a destroyer, a prophet and a politician, a leader of democracy and a manufacturer of peers. . . . This man has lived on crises, gone to bed and got up with emergencies, gambled in empires. When you judge him, remember that. Remember that there are no precedents by which to judge him, for no statesman of any age, and none other even of this age, has had so many times to act so quickly at awful risk amid so many complications.

To the *World* as to the *Freeman* there is something superhuman, almost demoniac to one and heroic to the other, about this man Lloyd George. He stands beyond criticism, says the *World*; he is "an undesirable alien," says the *Freeman*. It would be better to attempt to understand him. There is no question that he has lied, and been the cause of murder, arson, and famine; but we do not believe that he intended any of them. He has held power and gambled with high stakes; so have, in our own day, Woodrow Wilson and William Hohenzollern, Ludendorff and Foch, Sazonov and Clemenceau—not to mention Poincaré and Mussolini. He is not alone; and the tragedy of Lloyd George is the tragedy of every one of these men—that they did not prove superhuman, could not master their environment, and instead of rising above their day, expressed it. They were, after all, but puppets, through which spoke the voice of an incapable period. Lloyd George is today, politically, down and out, a statesman in the discard; but he is a symbol of the period of the Great War, and if Americans still look upon the war years as a heroic epic, it is fitting that they should pay tribute to Lloyd George.

Lloyd George is called the master of brilliant improvisation; he has an amazing gift for sensing the spirit of his audience and expressing it. That is to say that he has been the man for his age. He has been the H. G. Wells of the political world, ready to plunge into any problem, however complex, without a moment's hesitation or preparation—and he is likely to emerge with a temporarily satisfactory solution, although almost never with anything of permanent value or significance. In this contentment with superficiality, this refusal to go to the roots of problems, he again expresses his period. Europe "slipped"—it is Lloyd George's own word—into war because it insisted on playing Pollyanna when the cake was burning, and thought it a sufficient remedy for a bad odor to shut a door upon it. Europe—and we—may do as much again. We have learned so little; we still think that we may blame the faults of an age upon a few men, and that if it had not been for their wilful wickedness all might have been well.

"Lloyd George ruined the British parliamentary system," we hear it said—and certainly there are ample data of corruption to support the argument. But here are Russia, Italy, Spain, Bavaria, Oklahoma openly flouting parliamentarism; we cannot blame Lloyd George for them. The cancer lies deeper. Lloyd George may have been the agent of parliamentary decline in England, the instrument of imperialism in Ireland, Egypt, India, the trumpet through which madmen shouted "Hang the Kaiser" and "Make Germany pay for the war"; his weaknesses may, since he was in power, have been the direct agencies of the disaster of Versailles—but England gave him power, kept him in power, and was well content, yes, proud of him. War-time England, to be sure—but an England very like war-time America, or France, or Germany.

Havelock Ellis, apropos of something very different, says:

> It is certainly strange to observe how many people seem to feel vain of their own ungratified optimism when the place where optimism most flourishes is the lunatic asylum. They never seem to pause to reflect on the goal that lies ahead of them, though there must be few who on looking back cannot perceive what terrible accidents they might have foreseen and avoided by the aid of a little pessimism. When the gods, to ruin a man, first made him mad, they do it, almost invariably, by making him an optimist.

It might have been written as an epitaph on Lloyd George's career. If Americans want to pay their dollars to hear his sermons, what does it prove unless that they deserve no better fare?

The Violent Alien

OVER and again, in current writings and speeches, there are allusions to the alien in America as an instigator of mass violence, especially in labor disputes, and hostility toward our foreign-born population is sedulously cultivated by picturing the danger of armed revolution from this element in our national life. Have the persons who preach, or accept, this doctrine ever taken the trouble to test it by the records of recent mass violence in the United States?

Take, for instance, the ugliest exhibition of violence in a labor dispute within recent years—the massacre of strike-breakers at Herrin, Illinois. In spite of the absurd charges made for political effect by officers of the United Mine Workers, the unanimous testimony of Illinois public officials, of newspaper correspondents, and of the United States Coal Commission is that the Herrin workers—including those who killed the strike-breakers—constitute one of our oldest American stocks, a community almost untouched by foreign infiltration. Likewise with the southern counties of West Virginia, where guerrilla fighting has been almost ceaseless for several years and where in 1921 an armed march was attempted which brought the State to civil war. Who are the men who, goaded by the ruthless policies of autocratic mine owners, have taken down their rifles and shot from ambush or in the open the mine guards and others whom they regarded as their enemies? Are they Italians, or Hungarians, or Poles? On the contrary, they are native-born mountaineers, far better trained in the use of the

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long-distance rifle than any group of foreigners in this country begins to be.

Or take mass violence against the Negro in the South or in the North. That is admittedly of "pure American" origin. Nobody pretends that the mobs that lynch or burn black men are composed of recently arrived immigrants. The Ku Klux Klan, which is expressly anti-foreign in its make-up, has been guilty of more mass violence in Texas, Oklahoma, and various other States in the last year than can be matched by any other group in the country.

On the other hand, what is the labor history of those regions and those industries in which our foreign-born population is chiefly to be found? Rhode Island is our most alien State; nearly a third of its inhabitants are foreign-born. Yet its industrial history has hardly been turbulent. In New York, Baltimore, and other great centers of clothing manufacture there have been numerous strikes of tailors, cutters, garment workers, fur makers, and others in recent years. Thousands of persons, almost exclusively foreign in origin, have walked out of their shops and made every legitimate effort to prevent others from taking their places; yet these strikes have been so devoid of violence or even of demonstration that a majority of the fellow-townsmen of the disputants have scarcely been aware that any controversy was going on. Our great steel and iron industry rests largely on the sturdy backs of recently landed immigrants. Yet about the only violence that took place in the bitter strike of 1919 was committed by the Pennsylvania constabulary and police. William Z. Foster, commenting on the peaceable character of the contest, said: "Wait until a strike of this sort takes place some time among American-born workers!"

There is nothing in the least mysterious in the fact—and it is one despite propaganda to the contrary—that our old American stock is more prone to mass violence than our foreign-born population. The reason, of course, is that the European immigrant is derived for the most part from generations of law-bound and submissive ancestors, while the older Americans are the immediate descendants of a race of frontiersmen and fighters. Violence has been bred into their bones. The pioneers were more independent than tolerant. They were strong for personal liberty—when their own was concerned—but they expected to maintain it by the ability to draw quicker than the other fellow. Even mob action is an advance over personal vengeance; a barrelhead court is better than none; the frontier did the best that it could. But although the frontier is now little more than a memory, its habits and its instincts are still with us, and will cling to the older American stock for many years to come.

No, there is no basis for the theory that our foreign-born population is a source of mass violence or a probable focus for armed revolution. The older Americans who tremble on this account for their privileges and their prestige are needlessly disturbed. Because of his psychology and previous environment the foreign-born resident does seem to be more open to new industrial and political ideas than his American-bred neighbor, but education and persuasion—not bullets and bombs—are his means of propaganda. Of course some of our older Americans are afraid of even such methods, but it is a little awkward to avow such a fear openly. To storm about danger from alien violence preserves American self-respect and makes one more likely to be believed.

What Is An "American Dinner"?

The Lloyd Georges had dinner in the Rose Room at the Waldorf-Astoria. . . . Mr. Lloyd George had asked for a typical American meal, and Oscar provided bluepoints, sorrel soup, mousse of sole with oyster-crab sauce, potatoes parisienne, breast of chicken, new lima beans, Waldorf salad, and ice cream, cakes, and coffee.—New York *Times*.

WE don't want to spoil either Mr. Lloyd George's digestion or his illusions, but we must turn aside for a moment to laugh discreetly at this "American dinner," the only indisputably native dish in which was lima beans. It is true that oysters as the beginning of a dinner is an essentially American custom, but the oyster itself is international, as is the eating of it raw on the half-shell. Had the oysters been served escalloped or as a soup, they would have been much more American. Sorrel soup is distinctly Continental. Not one American housewife in a hundred would know how to make it even if she could get the sorrel. Perhaps clam chowder is our most typical American soup, although if it is made right—with plenty of milk and clams—it is a meal in itself. Sole is anything but an American fish, and prepared as a "mousse" it would certainly get the gorge of anybody sufficiently American to tell "The Star-Spangled Banner" from "Yes, We Have No Bananas." He would suspect that it concealed something like frog's legs or stuffed snails.

For a typically American fish one should, we think, choose one not from the ocean but from our inland waters—perhaps a Great Lakes whitefish—or at least something prepared in an American manner, like creamed cod on toast as the Bostonians know how to produce it. Potatoes parisienne, of course, stands condemned by its own name, and roast chicken is as universal as war. Waldorf salad, we admit, has claims as an American dish, since it combines fruit and nuts with green vegetables, which is not European; but it is too new to our diet to have much significance. Likewise ice cream is nowhere else made as it is here, nor consumed in such stupendous quantities, but we doubt if Mr. Lloyd George noticed the difference—or, if he did, liked it.

What, then, would we serve Mr. Lloyd George as an American dinner? Well, in the first place, we would not expect it of Oscar, who is European; at the Waldorf-Astoria, which is international; in New York City, which is cosmopolitan. We would whisk Mr. Lloyd George into the heart of either one of our great regions of authentic native cooking—New England or Dixie. In New England we should like to serve Boston baked beans and steamed brown bread, but this would hardly do in a course dinner. So, having in mind the season, we would tentatively suggest—oh, very tentatively and subject to numerous alternatives—a dinner of stuffed roast turkey with lots of thick gravy on the side, mashed potatoes, baked squash, cranberry sauce; pumpkin and apple pie, and coffee. In the South a choice would be easier. We should order fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes, lima beans, and beaten biscuit; caramel ice cream and coffee. We should certainly avoid that monstrous American invention, pie à la mode.

All of which we submit tentatively and humbly, not as cooks—the greatest of professions—but as mere editors, the most useless of all futilities. At least a million American housekeepers could better either list, and could cook it so seductively that Mr. Lloyd George would never return to Blighty.

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Railroads and the Mechanics of Social Power

By AMOS PINCHOT

I. Can the Government Run Railroads?

(This is the first of three articles which aim to explain how through control of transportation a unified industrial-financial group has built up a power which dominates the politics and culture of America.)

I AM not going to begin these articles by saying that the railroads are the most important things in the world; nor am I about to tell you that commerce is the nation's life-blood and the railroads its arteries. We have heard this said—said well, said indifferently, and said badly for the last twenty years. Incidentally it is not true, though there is some truth to it, mainly of an accidental kind.

There are things more important to a nation's welfare than its railroads. For instance, its land, its natural resources, and the reality of its regard for justice. But the railroads are important enough; and, before long, they will be the storm-center, the issue and test of faith in momentous political campaigns which will divide the public into two camps—the believers in democracy, and the exponents and beneficiaries of various forms of privilege.

Unfortunately, the railroad question is not a very simple one. It cannot be answered by a mere comparison between the probable efficiency of private and government operation. Other considerations are involved, some of them exceedingly practical, others reaching down to the vitals of the theory of American life.

In almost every case our great monopolies, such as the coal, oil, steel, and beef trusts, owe their ability to prevent competition and sell products at extortionate prices to the fact that the railroads, controlled by the same interests as the trusts, give the latter unfair and illegal transportation advantages, which they deny to the companies that are outside the monopoly group. Experience teaches us that these advantages, many in number, powerful in their effect, ever changing and very hard to detect, cannot be done away with while our railroads stay in private hands.

Railroad regulation has failed. Its oldest advocates admit it. And, despite the no doubt sincere efforts of our commissions and the less sincere but equally futile dissolutions by our courts, the railroads, industrial trusts, and bankers continue to act together, each year more firmly united by the common purpose of protecting the advantages, privileges, differentials, or discriminations—it does not matter what term we use to describe them—on which their monopoly, power, and consequent profits depend.

The chief objection, then, to private railroading is not its inefficiency, its extravagance, or its dishonesty. It is, first, that independent competitive effort in our basic industries has become almost impossible because of the railroad-trust group's control of transportation, and, second, that by means of industrial monopoly built on private railroading vast and steadily increasing reserves of excess wealth—far above what is necessary to carry on business—are being concentrated in the railroad-trust group's hands. And this excess wealth, which is but another name for excess power, expressing itself in every phase of American life, is used not only to prevent competition and increase the prices of necessities of life, not only to cripple the initiative and functioning of independent capital, and not merely to destroy what Sumner of Yale used to call "the equal chance." It is also used, constantly and successfully, in shaping the attitude of the press, in guiding education and public opinion, and in capturing office-holders and political parties and through them controlling the action of State and Federal government.

The railroad question has been confused by such an immense mass of misleading propaganda that it is hard for most of us to make up our minds about it. Consequently, the safest thing is to maintain an attitude of what might be called suspended conclusion, meanwhile searching for more facts.

How much hard cash the railroads and industrial monopolies have put into propagandizing against government ownership it is hard to say. The sum probably runs far into the millions; for we have Mr. Frank J. Warne's testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce that in the single year 1916 the roads spent eight million dollars in advertising expenses, hiring space in 17,000 newspapers to defeat the eight-hour day. And compared to government ownership the eight-hour day is a comparatively small issue.

Propaganda against government ownership generally runs along three definite lines: (1) That Federal control of railroads during the war proved that the government cannot administer a railroad system properly; (2) that the roads ran up a big deficit under Federal control; (3) that the government wrecked the roads and returned them to private ownership in "deplorable condition."

Of course, any one who stops to think realizes that conditions during Federal control were too abnormal to constitute a test of government operation. It was war time. As Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, head of the Southern Pacific Railroad and a staunch enemy of government ownership, pointed out before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the roads had to be run primarily for war purposes and "regardless of expense."

In the twenty-six months of Federal control the railroads were not and should not have been conducted as commercial enterprises or for commercial purposes. When the government handed them over to seven regional directors, six of them railroad presidents and the seventh a railroad vice-president, it said in effect: "The government hereby places America's transportation system in your hands. All that is asked of you gentlemen is swift hauling of men and supplies to tidewater for overseas shipment. Subordinate everything to this. Commercial business can wait. What the country needs is service, at all costs."

Now, if these seven men abused the confidence and large powers placed in them; if they sabotaged in order to discredit government control, as I do not for a moment believe, they should, according to war standards, have been taken out and shot. If, on the other hand, they tried their best, but failed to do a good job, it was not the government's fault; it was the fault of their own incompetence and the broken-down state the railroads had fallen into under their own banker-directorates. In reality, they did not fail.

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The government gave the railroad presidents a free hand. During the twenty-six months of Federal control it patched up the roads to the tune of a billion and a quarter dollars. The government paid the companies the enormous rental of $906,000,000 a year, about 5 per cent on their total outstanding securities, water and all; admittedly much more than they could have earned. Likewise, in order to eliminate the chance of strikes, it radically advanced the wages of employees. Generally speaking, the function of the government was to appropriate money needed to put the roads in shape; to advance wages to secure the full cooperation of labor; to discipline some inefficient railroad presidents; and to insist on unification, common-sense car distribution, and business methods.

The results were, on the whole, good. The roads got along well under Federal control, because the executives, backed by the government and free from the domination of cream-skimming directorates, found themselves for the first time at liberty to do whatever they thought was right and necessary.

Enemies of public ownership have harped on the charge that, during Federal control, the railroads ran up a deficit of about $715,000,000. Let's examine this deficit. On February 28, 1920, in a report to the President of the United States, Director General Hines, counted in railroad circles a man of marked ability and conservatism, stated that $494,000,000 of the deficit was due to the fact that rates were not advanced simultaneously with wages and other operating expenses; also that the great coal strike had tied up the roads and cost them not less than $114,000,000. This would appear to explain most of the deficit, but an important contributing cause remains. The roads that had received land grants were obliged by their charters to carry soldiers and war supplies at about one-third to one-half below commercial rates. Sixty-six per cent of the prodigious volume of the government's war business was hauled at these low tariffs. In addition, there occurred a post-war slump in business and building, reaching its climax in February, 1919, when the average daily surplus in freight cars rose to 451,026, the highest on record. Also an extraordinary series of storms from November, 1919, to February, 1920, seriously interrupted railroad operation. These unusual circumstances occasioned, according to Mr. Hines, a further loss to the railroads of several hundred millions. All of these facts, little commented upon by the daily press, were enough to warrant Mr. Hines in writing to the President that the so-called deficit was "in no sense chargeable to Federal control as against private control."

As to the charge that the government wrecked the roads and returned them in "deplorable condition," let us see what shape they were in when the government took them. On March 22, 1917, President Rea of the Pennsylvania testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission as follows: "We realize that the condition of the railroads today presents a menace to the country, not alone to the owners of the properties, but as affecting directly the international situation."

Eight months later, or a month before the government took the roads over, after quoting an expert who estimated that our railroads required five billions to put them in trim, President Underwood of the Erie summed up the situation as follows: "It needs no gift of prophecy to foretell the financial end for railroads in the Northerly and Easterly sections of the United States except their net earnings are increased. There is a short word that indicates it—smash!"

The following month the Railway War Board, composed of five railway presidents, told the Interstate Commerce Commission that, in order to become a well-equipped machine, the railroads needed 2,000 new locomotives and 150,000 new freight cars, in addition to those already on order. During Federal control, according to the Director General, the government supplied 4,226 locomotives and 159,066 freight cars.

Now let us hear from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Late in 1917 it made an examination into the condition of the railroads. The day after the railroads were taken over, Commissioner Aitchison said: "The conclusion which we all reached was that existing conditions were intolerable and constituted a menace to the public safety."

How fully the railroad presidents themselves realized the havoc private management had wrought is shown by the way they snapped up the government's forced war-time generosity in providing funds to repair the damage. In the three years prior to Federal control the average annual expenditure for maintenance of equipment on Class I roads was $440,000,000. In the two years of government control the average rose to $971,000,000, an increase of $531,000,000 a year or over 100 per cent. In the same three years of private control, 1915 to 1917, the average bill for way and structures was $409,000,000. In the two years of government control the average was $708,000,000, a raise of $299,000,000 or 73 per cent.

The cold fact is that it was only the government's purse that saved the roads from a pretty complete debacle and Wall Street from a first-class shake-up. For most of the roads had been run, not in the interest of the stockholders, but for the benefit of an inside ring of trust magnates, manipulators, unprincipled financiers, and supply companies, the latter largely controlled by railroad and trust representatives and selling to the railroads enormous quantities of materials, according to Mr. Warne over $83,000,000 worth a month.

Railroad division engineers will tell you privately that Federal control worked and that the roads went back to private ownership in better shape than they left it. Privately, railroad presidents will tell you the same thing; so will Wall Street financial houses. They will admit, in confidence, that unification under the government was a sheer necessity. But only once in a while we find a railroad president, in an unguarded moment, letting slip to the public the truth about Federal control. Congratulating his colleagues on the savings made by Federal control, President Bush of the Missouri Pacific said: "Satisfying as may be the money savings throughout the country resulting from unification and coordination of railroad facilities and practice, the outstanding gratification is with respect to the accomplishments for the government and its allies by the unified railroads in the successful transportation of troops, supplies, and munitions of war to the ports of transshipment overseas." And Mr. Kruttschnitt declared, on March 10, 1921, before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce: "The railroads of Class I performed the greatest transportation task in their history, having during that year [1920] handled the largest volume of traffic, both freight and passenger, they ever handled."

The roads came back to private ownership on March 1, 1920. How, one might ask, could they have performed the feat mentioned by Mr. Kruttschnitt if they were returned

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in "deplorable condition." No fact is ever inconsistent with any other fact; facts never contradict each other. If, as we know to be true, the roads were on the rocks before the government took them, and if, as Mr. Bush and Mr. Kruttschnitt say, they functioned well, while and after the government had them, we are obliged to discredit the alleged fact that the government wrecked them and returned them shattered.

Can the government run railroads? Of course it can. As Mr. Ford says, there is no mystery in railroading. It is a fully developed, understood art, difficult only when you try to combine the inconsistent functions of milking the roads for the enrichment of insiders and giving the country sound transportation. The government runs an army, a navy, and a post office; a Panama canal and an Alaska railroad; it conducts huge irrigation, power, and reclamation projects, all more efficiently and certainly more honestly administered than the railroads are under private ownership. Though, for economic reasons which we need not discuss now, the government should not, in my opinion, take over any service except where monopoly is inevitable, it must be admitted that, in the government services enumerated above, there can rarely be found graft or conspicuous inefficiency, except in war time when the dollar-a-year men flock in, carrying with them their ideals and practices.

The history of public ownership has been the same everywhere. Whenever the government takes over a service that is of great importance, used by a majority of the voters, and where the difference between good and bad service affects the public's pocket, convenience, or safety in an obvious, unmistakable way, it is well handled. That is the rule. And when we take over and operate our railways, we shall discover that no administration will dare to give us such inefficient, expensive, dangerous, and dishonest railroading as we have endured for half a century. For politicians will quickly realize that to do so will surely make railroading the big issue in the next election and render the party in power liable to be swept out by an avalanche of votes.

In the next article, I will take up other and more imperative reasons for government ownership of railroads, including the part private railroads play in preventing competition in industry and in establishing monopoly and high prices.

These United States—XL

MISSOURI: Doesn't Want to Be Shown

By MANLEY O. HUDSON

NOTHING is simpler than to throw a few millions of human beings into a hopper and ascribe to all of them qualities which not one of the individuals may possess. For a generation now four millions of Missourians have been herded under the music-hall slogan, "I'm from Missouri and you've got to show me." And as a consequence they have gained the reputation for being a cautious and inquiring people.

Now few things might be said about Missourians which would be further from the truth. In the large—by which I mean that I cannot produce statistics for what I am about to say—in the large, they deserve no credit for such skepticism. You do not have to show the Missourian. He knows already. And he is quite content to let it go at that. Missouri doesn't care to be shown!

> Every time I come to town
> Th' boys keep kickin' my dog aroun';
> Makes no diff'rence if he is a houn',
> You' gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.

This Ozark doggerel is not merely the original of Senator Vest's famous eulogy. It breathes also the sentiments with which the Missourian looks at the world. His dog may be a hound, but it is his and he proposes that others shall take it at his valuation. Missouri may not be the greatest State in the Union. Illinois may have a richer soil and a more prosperous people; Iowa may have a better organized community life; and Kansas, a quicker sense of civic responsibility and political opportunity. But Missouri doesn't care to hear about it. Missourians are satisfied with her, and she is satisfied with herself. Besides, who can say that Arkansas excels her in anything?

For Missouri—we who are to the manner born call her "Mizzourah" with no apology for rolling the r—Missouri is not merely a geographers' diagram. It is not simply a place. It is a state of digestion. It is a set of conventions. It is a slant on life. In brief, it is a civilization.

An effete Easterner whose travels in America are bounded by Baltimore on the south, by Buffalo on the west, and by Bar Harbor on the north may wonder that the straight lines remembered from his school geography as the boundaries of Missouri could so clearly mark out the personality of a people. I have met Americans on the Atlantic coast to whom Missouri was no more than a name for a river or a waltz or a compromise. Judging by the date-lines not many editors know today that Kansas City does not vote in Kansas. And perhaps few New Yorkers will be able to understand why it is that we resent their placing Missouri in that trans-Allegheny vastness which they call "the Middle West." Our query is, "West of what?" It all depends on where you start. We don't find Missouri west of where we begin to measure the continent. To us it is difficult to see why the rest of the country does not call it "the center." The nerve controls may be elsewhere. And we're willing to use Chicago as a sort of aorta through which to supply the rest of the country. But Missouri is the heart of America!

What other State was so favored by the geographers? The eight bordering States give Missouri a contact with the Great Lakes, the Alleghenies, all of Dixieland, the Gulf, and the Rockies. They make her the friend of the North and the South, the common ground of the East and the West, without identifying her with any section.

As a place, Missouri is not quite coterminous with the map-makers' shuffle. The two broad portals which she opens so generously to the outer world are for most purposes not part of Missouri herself. We must exclude St. Louis first of all. For that sprawling city lops over into Illinois and takes its cue from the screeching factories and glaring furnaces of other lands. It serves Missouri chiefly as a

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sieve for Eastern money and Eastern manners. It is a huge railroad terminal—the only American city besides Chicago where passengers always change. No train ever passes through St. Louis. It is an island of Germanic culture in a sea of American indifference. It once had a Fair which made it great, and the laurel has been borne in slumber these twenty years since. Only this year a bond issue seems to have waked it up; it was no mean thing to vote eighty-seven million dollars for improvements on the crest of a high tide of taxes. But except for Forest Park and its unique open-air theater, St. Louis sets no pace. It forms no part of Missouri. Even the postal clerks know it as St. Louis, U. S. A.

At the opposite end of Missouri's corridor, Kansas City stands as an outpost flung out by the great Southwest in its reach for Chicago. Busy, boasting, and Babbitt-ful, Kansas City holds a key position in the American system of interstate commerce. It is a way-station for the country's hogs and corn and oil. It is a warehouse for Montgomery Ward & Co. It has life but it lacks character. It once got bold enough to experiment with a Board of Public Welfare, but the courage faded when Jacob Billikopf went East. It lacks history, too, though a few of us can still recall the days when we bought our trousers from the Grand Pants Co. for "$1.75 a leg, seats free." Those were the good old days! Then as now Kansas City was like New York—all of its people come from somewhere else and many of them are still in transit. Like New York, it is a part of no State. It is interstate. It does not wear Missouri yarn, and its face is turned toward Kansas.

These exclusions leave to Missouri a territory larger than all New England, with a population almost as large as that of the Irish Free State. They leave the farmers who cultivate each year a half a million acres of wheat and oats and corn and hay. They leave the miners who produce a large part of America's zinc and lead and coal and iron. They leave a host of small villages, each consisting of a few houses clustered around a combined post-office-and-general-store which handles postage-stamps, prunes, and potatoes, all in the bulk. They leave St. Joseph, Kirksville, Hannibal, Columbia, Jefferson City, Sedalia, Springfield, Joplin, Carthage, Cape Girardeau—each with a niche in our national history, each with a Main Street all its own.

For its population, Missouri was originally indebted to three things—the bad land in Virginia, the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1847, and the revolution in Germany in 1848. From Virginia came a yeoman stock of purely English blood, urged by the hard times of the twenties to seek their fortunes in the promised land across the plains. Some of them stopped en route in Kentucky—in Madison County, Sir! A few of them brought their slaves along. But with the climate inhospitable to both cotton and tobacco, slavery got no firm hold in the State. An abolitionist conference at Lexington in the late twenties attracted little attention, and if Missouri was a bone of contention it was not due to her own defense of slavery. One-twentieth of the people are still black or mulatto, but we have no Jim Crow cars and a lynching or two a year is regarded enough to "make the Negro keep his place."

This Virginia immigration gave to Missouri society a Southern tinge which many communities still retain. They built their court-houses on the best Virginia models of the time, and where the court-house square exists today, with the town built around it—in Liberty, in Marshall, in Mexico, in Springfield—the architecture remains unsurpassed by any of the styles borrowed from Chicago or Cleveland suburbs. A Southern family tradition lingers, too, where the invading Yankees have not smothered it, and helps Missouri to resist change. I recall entering a farmhouse "in the kingdom of Callaway" a few years ago on a cold winter day, to find a glowing fire cracking out its welcome. As I held out my hands, I exclaimed to my host about his fire. "It ought to be good," he parried, "It's been burning long enough." I asked when it had been started. "In 1832. My father brought it out from Virginia when he came across the prairie in a wagon, and it's been burning ever since."

It was a very different strain that came from Ireland and from Germany. The Irish soon mixed, for here they never limited themselves to politics and the police force. But the Germans held aloof, and they still live in *enclaves*, secure from the ravages of puritanism. In the early days they captured South St. Louis, whence they've ministered since to many a thirst. They proved themselves superior agriculturists, and in the eastern counties they gradually crowded the Virginians out of the better bottom lands. With their militant ideas of freedom, they opposed the extension of slavery, they kept Missouri from seceding, they sent Carl Schurz to the Senate. More recently they held back the Volstead onslaught until the general capitulation. They began as Republicans in 1860, and they've voted straight ever since—until the combination of the war and prohibition led them to reelect Senator Reed. Content with what they have escaped in Europe and what they have found in America, they add no ferment to Missouri's society. They help to keep her satisfied.

The Atlantic seaboard is too far away for a large European immigration—there are some Greeks in St. Louis and a few Italians in Kansas City. But if some explorer sent out by the peasants of Southeastern Europe should ever rediscover Missouri, and if a 3 per cent limit would not bar it, the Ozark wilderness might be transformed into another Switzerland!

A traveler who journeys from Kansas City to St. Louis on the Wabash or the C. & A. or the Missouri Pacific or the Rock Island—all of our railroads seem to run east and west—may wonder about Missouri's prosperity. For in a land of teeming plenty, poverty still lifts its ugly head. But if we take as a test the existence of a favorable trade balance, there can be no doubt about it. Not that she depends on her foreign trade; if she chose to do so, Missouri could probably live more comfortably on her own resources than any other State in the Union. She could produce almost everything she needs except coffee and rubber, and doubtless the agricultural experiment stations would soon find substitutes for those luxuries.

But what community would care to be self-contained with such wares to spread its fame? There is, for instance, the corn-cob pipe on which Missouri holds a world-wide monopoly. Wherever a few smokers gather together, a hymn of thanksgiving can be heard for the Missouri meerschaum! Then there is the Missouri mule. He it was who won the war. Indeed he has won all the modern wars. He opened up Cuba for our bankers, he stilled the Boer's insolence, he elevated Japan to the international peerage, he waded through blood in the Balkans, and now he has made the world safe for Poincaré and Mussolini to play in. But he never gets a decoration. He was the only part of the A.E.F.

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that got left behind in Europe. And a few days ago I saw him trying to win the peace in Haute-Savoie.

We take our religion very seriously—that is, we insist that every man must profess it and on all red-letter days we bow to its authority. We shouldn't think a marriage were valid unless a preacher tied the knot. And any renegade is entitled to a funeral from a church. But on ordinary week-days we don't allow ourselves to be greatly hampered by our faiths. On Sundays the Irish go to mass, the Germans gather in the Lutheran Church, and the rest of us are exhorted from the Baptist or South Methodist or Presbyterian or Campbellite pulpits. A small Virginian aristocracy is Episcopalian, and Christian Science was growing in power until its recent difficulties. The Latter-Day Saints have won a prescriptive right to their center in Independence. But for other queer peoples we have no time and no toleration. We don't care to be shown that our beliefs are not the only true beliefs. I once heard it whispered that a Baptist minister had gone over to Unitarianism, but the rumor was too awful to follow up. Since the war, we feel the citadels of our faith attacked by a newly strengthened modernism. William Jewell College recently dismissed a professor who had yielded to the temptations of the "higher criticism." Until the final victory is won, we must all be fighting fundamentalists.

As to our politics, they don't much matter. We like the game. A few men—and latterly women—play it and are much admired. A few more spectate. But Missouri was never a "sovereign independent State," and we look upon our State government as merely a local division under a government which has its seat in a far-off Washington. Bill Stone was far more interesting to us when he ruled the bosses at Jefferson City than when he was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. We pointed with pride when three of our politicians—Clark and Folk and Hadley, not one of them native sons—were ranked among the presidential possibilities in a single electoral year. One reason for the toleration of Reed is the feeling that he wants what he wants when he wants it. In the ordinary campaign the inherited categories of Democrat and Republican are quite enough for us. The Prohibitionists have disappeared. As for being a Socialist, it isn't done. Our farmers were cold to Townley. On the whole, it is men not measures that matter. We endured an obsolete taxation system and an antiquated constitution for a whole generation. We didn't propose to take any newfangled notions from Oklahoma or Wisconsin.

We keep a store of patriotism always ready, and on the war Missouri was ready to follow the lead of the East by going in or by staying out. Once in, it was necessary to have a certain measure of forced taxation in behalf of the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross, to prove that we were united. We held in readiness for any pacifist who might appear the same medicine that was administered to Lovejoy in 1836. We insisted that it was not enough for one to say that he was against the Kaiser and for the war—he had also to believe that the Kaiser was a mad dog loose in the world and that the war was a heaven-blessed righteous crusade or we questioned his Americanism. When it came to the peace, we were all for the League of Nations until our politicians got so nervous about it, and now—we wait for a lead from Washington.

Education is a necessity in Missouri, but only for those who are growing up. It ends with the close of the last spring term. A week of Chautauqua each summer and three Lyceum evenings during the winter are enough to keep the adults alive to an outside culture. I asked a Baptist home missionary what books he found in the homes he visited. Just two, he said, the Bible and the Sears-Roebuck catalogue. But in the towns, the parlor tables exhibit Wells's Outline and the latest Hutchinson novel—Sinclair Lewis would be resented. The State maintains a circulating library, and will send out a case of "standard authors" on proper demand, but the supply is quite equal to the demand.

But Missouri does not read books—she reads magazines and newspapers. Any up-to-date person will know the progress of the latest serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We once had a great magazine of our own, great because it introduced America to Spoon River; but his *Mirror* and Reedy were buried in the same grave. The new *Point of View* published in Kansas City "for all who are interested in Travel, Art, Architecture, Music and Drama," has yet to make its mark. And once, in Colonel Nelson's lifetime, we had a great newspaper—the paper that introduced daylight saving to America; but today, in spite of its wide territorial influence, the Kansas City *Star* takes no precedence over thirty other dull American dailies. In St. Louis, the *Post-Dispatch* still crusades in an intrepid and intelligent way for an old-fashioned brand of Pulitzer righteousness; and the *Globe-Democrat*, since killing off its hoary rival, the *Republic*, justifies its morning monopoly only by the excellence of its editorial page. But the leadership of the metropolitan dailies is fast waning. Missouri editors have gone to school to Walter Williams and their annual Journalism Week at Columbia is beginning to show results. The smaller cities are developing a press of their own, with United Press service, and the publication of a daily paper is coming to be one of the earmarks of urban respectability.

Another challenge to Missouri's self-satisfaction is bringing learning to the land. The farmers have begun to read government bulletins. The time was, not so many years ago, when the farmers and the homemakers knew more about their jobs than any bureau chief could tell them. But now they have capitulated to hard times and to the craze for modern babies. The farmer kills his hogs, fills his silos, and rotates his crops, and the homemaker cans her cherries, sets her hens, and nurses her baby according to the latest bulletin from the State University.

For the University of Missouri is bringing a revolution in lower as well as in higher education. Thirty years ago, in the pre-country-club period of American college education, it was a sleepy recruiting ground for the learned professions. The first shift came when athletics and highly colored sweaters captured the enthusiasm of the small town high-school boys and girls. The university began to standardize the high schools throughout the State, and that in turn drew it into the job of training the teachers to man them, or more accurately to woman them. The curse of too many colleges has been met by creating the rank of Junior College and by fitting the professional courses at the university onto the sophomore college year. The regimentation of the schools is now all but universal, with a few outstanding exceptions such as the original School of Osteopathy at Kirksville.

And now the College of Agriculture is regimenting the farmers. There are first the clubs to which the boys and girls at home go to spurt themselves in farm endeavor. Then the "short-horn course" at Columbia for the older

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ones who can be spared from home only during the slack winter months; four months in each of two winters makes a boy into a farmer who will never be a peasant. Then the regular four-year course which is training the farm leaders of the next generation—the county agents, the experiment-station experts, the teachers of agriculture, and the "gentlemen farmers." But most important is the Farmers' Week in January when even the genuine dirt farmers gather at Columbia to listen to lectures, to watch demonstrations, and to civilize up generally. There they courted favor with "Chief Josephine" while still she held the record as the world's largest-producing milch cow. They heard David Lubin once, and when he scolded them for not organizing and controlling their markets they took it sitting down. During the war they entertained an English lord.

It is a revolution which promises freedom from many a tyranny. The chinch-bugs and the chiggers have had their day. The menace of the grasshopper is gone. The weather man has lost his spell. The "hill-billies" are passing. Missouri has begun to be shown—by herself.

The millstone today is bad roads. The Missouri farmer was imprisoned until Henry Ford broke his chains. For fully a third of the year he is still mired in the mud. Recently the members of an automobile club, motoring from the Pacific coast to the automobile show in New York, had to take the train at Kansas City and ship their cars to St. Louis. But the reluctance to learn from road-building elsewhere is now yielding, and the Santa Fe Trail and the Jefferson Highway are promising beginnings. A sixty-million dollar bond issue, a non-partisan highway commission, and a project for primary and secondary roads for the entire State are the progress registered in a single year.

In spite of the mud, or because of it, each new generation seems to find its way out. Many towns seem to be peopled with old men. To Oklahoma, to Idaho, to California the boys go off. And though they never cease to be Missourians, they never come back. Many of them become famous, and a few deserve fame. There are Harlow Shapley, the astronomer at Harvard; Walter Stewart, the teacher at Amherst when Amherst valued teaching; Glenn Frank, the editor of the *Century;* Charles G. Ross, the Washington correspondent; Fred Deering, the Minister to Portugal—to mention only a few who are under forty. Every State has its great men; in Missouri we grow them for the rest of the country. And let it not be forgotten, we gave Mark Twain and Jesse James to the world!

The girls roam less and have a shorter range of opportunity. Everywhere they are teachers. We still have a notion that business is not their sphere. Journalism is opening up to them, and medicine and other social work. Domestic service, being the preserve of the colored folk, is not respectable for the whites. But most of the girls are drawn down that vista of dreariness which we refer to as "Just staying at home." And though we have always had fewer women than men, we count them lucky if the last call for the dining-car does not pass them by. Home means hard work for them, and often valiant sacrifice. But it is a world in which nothing happens.

I chanced to meet one of these stay-at-homes on a train out of St. Louis last Christmas Eve. She was tall, shapely, thin-skinned, with small ankles and small wrists but large feet and large-knuckled hands, and she still nestled up to twenty-five. The crowded condition of the car led to conversation, and I asked where she lived and what she did and what the prospects were. She lived in Warren County; though an artist by temperament, having once had a few lessons with Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, she was now a farmer; and the prospects were horrible. I dilated on the glories of a life out-of-doors. "You talk like a novel," she replied. "You haven't sat on a plow from sunrise to sundown for fifteen days straight running." "Well, don't you make money?" "We're supposed to be partners—father, mother, and I. But I never see any money."

I asked her how she spent her leisure. She read a bit—she liked Browning's poems and Barrie's plays. But there wasn't a library within forty miles and books were so hard to get. "But for Father Donovan's lending me books and giving me ideas, I'd go mad. Life gets so awfully dull. I get to a point now and then where I feel I can't stand it any longer." I inquired what her escape was. "I have to have a fling. There's no other way out." "Are you returning from a fling now?" "Yes. At breakfast two months ago I told my parents I couldn't go on another day; that I was going away. They asked where, and I said I didn't know. Away! They refused to drive me to the station, so I carried my suit-case and walked the eight miles. Fortunately I had saved a little money from the music class I used to have in Jackson County. I took the first train that came along and went to St. Louis. There I found a hotel, and went out to the theater. Next day I got a job as governess through the Y. W. C. A. The children had been unmanageable, but after a week I got the household straightened out. And tonight I did so hate to leave them. But then—that's not the way I want to live my life."

"And what now?" I asked. "I'm going home. The family want me to marry. But there's no chance to meet anybody except the farmer boys in the neighborhood, and they wouldn't understand why I have to have my fling. Tomorrow I'll feed the pigs, and I guess we'll soon be getting ready to put in the crop." When I had watched her greet her father at the station in Jonesburg, I spent the rest of my journey searching for the secret of a civilization which could produce such a human being.

Perhaps Missouri herself has been a stay-at-home too long. Saddled with the monotony and drudgery of plowing the fields, her life has lacked color. For too long she had no desire to see how the rest of the world was living, not even how it was doing its plowing. She did not want to be shown. But a new era is breaking. Missouri too must have her fling. And she is now beginning to look for it, in a flivver.

Contributors to This Issue

MANLEY O. HUDSON was born in St. Charles County, Missouri, and grew up in Montgomery County; he was for four years a student at William Jewell College at Liberty, and for nine years a professor at the State University; he has been secretary of the Missouri Children's Code Commission and was one of the State's commissioners on Uniform State Laws. Since leaving Missouri he has been attached to the Department of State, the League of Nations, and Harvard University.

AMOS PINCHOT, a writer on economic and political subjects, has devoted several years to a study of the sources and effects of monopolistic control and particularly to the railroad question.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD is the author of Elizabeth Goes to School, which appeared in *The Nation* of December 6, 1922.

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Little Old New England

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

GAZING toward the turmoils of the Upper Mississippi Valley and listening to the ejaculations of Brookhart, Shipstead, Magnus Johnson, Howell, Wheeler, Dill, and others, the country forgets that in New England, in ways more reticent but under compulsions equally painful, the local population is striving to discover an outlet from a great crisis into a new security.

In the Upper Mississippi Valley there is a claimed need for lower freight rates in order to retain a broad market for Northwestern agricultural products. In New England there is an equally claimed need for lower freight rates in order to retain a broad market for Northeastern manufactured products. Meanwhile, among all the groups of railroads in this country, the ones which most clearly are producing earnings so low as to make a rate reduction supremely difficult are precisely those of the Upper Mississippi Valley and of New England.

To a tourer of New England there is no scene of any abandoned village more affecting and more burdened with a message of the transitoriness of human power than the financial and political scene in which those great alleged masters of New England life—the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Boston and Maine—are disclosed on their beds of agony and weakness, suffering excruciatingly from financial gout and industrial anemia, while their former subjects gather about them with bandages and bottles to see what can be done to nurse them back to mere servile serviceableness.

It was feared that these railroads would eternally rule New England. It is now feared that they may not be even reasonably able to run errands for New England.

Two plans—in the main—are brought forward for their restoration. Each of these plans would have been thought a few years since to be a plan of despair. One of them would sink the New England railroads into the trunk-line railroads which run between New York and Chicago, thus thoroughly surrendering New England rail transportation facilities into "foreign" control outside New England. The other would consolidate New England's principal railroads into one great regional rail transportation system with grants of public credit from the treasuries of the New England States and with boards of public trustees from the executive offices of those States.

Public ownership with private operation is an idea which frequently has been suggested and sometimes has been used in the settling of transportation problems. New England has developed the precisely reverse idea under which the ownership remains private and operation becomes public.

Public trustees, appointed by State authorities, have been quite successful, it is claimed, in improving the condition of the private owners of traction properties in eastern Massachusetts. Testimony before a committee of the Interstate Commerce Commission in Boston week before last showed from conservative lips that the public trustees appointed to operate those properties are believed to have done very well in comparison with the era of purely private credit and of purely private management which preceded them.

Accordingly, it was asserted, the Boston bankers who are suggesting public trustees for the management of a consolidated New York, New Haven and Hartford and Boston and Maine are doing so without fear of the results. Thus they show greater fearlessness than many Northwestern radical Senators who actually favor public operation of railroads but do not quite dare to say so. There are things which a member of Lee, Higginson and Company can safely say but which a member of the Farmer-Labor Party can say only at the risk of a grave loss of social standing in the Eastern press.

It is to be noted, however, that the public credit which the "Storrow Committee" would extend to the great New England railroads is credit from the local New England States, and it is to be noted that the public trustees which it suggests would be trustees appointed by New England local State governments. Appeal is not made to the Federal government for credit or to the White House for the trustees federally named.

For that local independence of character and of program New England deserves perhaps a visit of inspection from Senator Frazier of North Dakota. Here are people suffering large woes who wish nevertheless to be rescued by local agencies and not by Washington. To a Washingtonian the scene is one of heroic primitive Sabine virtue.

To regenerate their railroad transportation system and to get renewed good rail service; to regenerate their agriculture and to get a renewed effective countryside; to discover and develop new sources of power in order to supplement or replace the coal which comes so expensively from mines so distant at final costs so high—such are the problems that New England must solve if it wishes to retain its position in American life, and they exceed by far in difficulty the problems which confront the Northwest.

The Northwest needs to stop growing more wheat than the European world is willing to buy from off expensive American farm-land when it can buy wheat from off the cheap farm-lands of Canada and of the Argentine. The Northwest needs to turn a bit to other crops and heavily to cooperative selling societies. It needs to do things which are difficult and disagreeable in performance but easily and surely visualized. New England struggles with problems for which the solutions are visualized—if at all—with only the greatest uncertainty.

In New Hampshire men like Frank Knox of Manchester and ex-Governor Robert Bass of Peterboro have initiated a "survey" of the condition of their State and a prospective "program" for arresting the decline which it has shown in many particulars and for changing that decline into an advance. Ex-Governor Bass has incubated an ingenious proposed law for impounding water in new reservoirs at public expense on New Hampshire rivers, while meeting that expense in the end through contracts made beforehand with private manufacturing plants for the paid use of the surplus water. The future of New England, according to Mr. Bass, lies in cheap power from water sources, in skilled labor of the highest training, and in manufactured products so clearly and uniquely the result of such labor that they will be able to travel great distances at high freight rates and still on their merits find a market at high profitable prices.

To a traveler from the national capital New England exhibits a consciousness of a grave crisis, but most admirably a will to live it through and dominantly to live it through by its own exertions.

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"White"

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

I

WHEN Everett took a job as truck driver for a large Philadelphia concern he did not say that he was "colored." Tall, white, with brown hair and brown eyes, and with Caucasian—or should I write Nordic?—features, nothing in his physical appearance betrayed his "race." Week in and week out he worked steadily, apparently giving entire satisfaction, earning the praise of his boss. Suddenly he was "let go." A *real white man*, a friend from his Jersey home, happening to secure work for the same firm, had given the information that Everett's mother and father, sisters and brothers, all of whom he personally knew, were "colored."

"But I'm the same man I was yesterday, ain't I?" protested Everett to the boss.

"Why yes, but you're colored. It would hurt the business—the other men won't work with a ——."

All right, then, he'd *be* "colored," he determined, as he stamped out, flaming.

In New York he applied to the Pullman Company for a job as a sleeping-car porter. The man at the desk looked up at him in amazement and replied: "We can't use white men as porters."

"But I'm not white, I'm colored," Everett fiercely declared. No use. The other, unconvinced, waved him politely out. Everett was never sure whether the man believed him simply a plain liar or a new brand of interesting lunatic.

II

The widow Moore is the daughter of her former Virginia master by one of his slaves. She is stately, gray-haired, with bluish-gray eyes, and far from unfashionable in dress. She listed with the Barton Rental Agency a piece of property she owns, and did not state that she was "colored." In due time Barton's "For Rent" sign appeared in the front window of her vacant house. Some time later she called at the agency. Mr. Barton told her that her house seemed a bit hard to rent, that is, to desirable tenants. She should be patient, however. The house would certainly be rented, and to first-class people, too. They did not rent to any other class.

"Of course," he continued, "we could easily rent to colored, for example, but ——"

"Well, why not? Colored people are good people, aren't they?"

"I'm not saying they aren't, but when they get into a property it depreciates. If you should want to sell later, you would lose money. Moreover, any agency which places colored among white people thereby earns an undesirable and unprofitable reputation. We therefore make it a business point not to ——"

"Have you had any applications from colored people?"

"Oh, several."

"Then rent it to them. Why keep the house idle if they are good people and can pay?"

"Sorry, madam, but we shall have to decline ——"

As the widow Moore was leaving Barton's office, she had a consuming desire to fling back at him the scorching words: "I'm colored." She thought how much she would enjoy seeing him writhe as they annihilated him. Instead she went out and rented her house—to "colored."

III

The brown letter carrier bought a house in the very middle of a block occupied entirely by whites. When the day to move came, he went to his work as usual, while his blonde, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed wife superintended the transfer of their household goods. She wore no tag stating that she was "colored."

Her new neighbors watched the emptying vans from behind front-room curtains and upstairs windows. Late in the afternoon, when the greater part of the preliminary "settling" was over, the lady next door ventured over.

"You must be tired, working here all day by yourself. I just thought I'd run in and ask you if you would not like to come over and have a cup of hot tea or something with me." The blonde wife went.

The brown letter carrier finished his day's work, hurried to the new home, slipped into rough clothes, and began to busy himself about the yard. The lady next door and his wife were in the midst of a pleasant neighborly chat, finishing their luncheon. The former was saying: "I'm so glad I had a little something in the house. It's such an awful job to move. Now, anything I can do until you get straight, let me know. Just come right over any time and use our stove and things until yours is connected." The postman's wife thanked her.

"Your yard man has come, I think," the neighbor continued, as she saw the brown man in overalls in the yard.

"Oh, that's my husband," said the carrier's wife, and without waiting to see what visible effect this pronouncement had—an omission she now decidedly regrets—she ran out to him. But the lady next door "does not speak" now, and the neighborhood bristles with antipathy against the interlopers.

IV

None of his friends seems to have known what blood mixture filled Norton's veins. He himself was able to account for three strains—American Indian, American white, and Mexican. He had the complexion of an Italian, his head was covered with a mass of deepest black hair, and he wore the long curling mustache of the vogue which preceded the present truncated, stubbly fashion. At any rate he certainly did not state that he was "colored."

When I first met him he was a night clerk in the Brookline, Massachusetts, post office, dreaming of the day when, with a friend who was both violinist and composer, he would entrance a waiting world with the beauties of an exceedingly graceful light opera to the preparation of which they both devoted all their spare moments. Suddenly he became violently religious, and vehemently damned the very art to which hitherto he had been ardently attached. He joined a church in the shadow of Faneuil Hall. He and his wife became prominent in its activities, and with the inspiration and approval of its pastor, he prepared himself for missionary work in India. The missionary board approved his application. He went to the New York offices to complete preliminaries. Somehow information seems to have reached the board that he was "colored." Perhaps some member of the church had drawn that conclusion from the fact that his wife was indubitably "colored," and this startlingly subversive intelligence had been communicated to the board. At any rate, upon seeing him the good gentlemen of the missionary board were sure that some unaccountable mistake had been made. They were profuse in their apologies. In spite of their written approval of his

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application for service in India which he held, it seemed that they had intended to state "service in Africa." It is reported that they oiled their explanation of this unusual blunder with the same old quasi-pious stuff which white Christians too frequently employ when confronted with a Negro demanding mere human consideration. "Colored people are so much happier among their own, you know." "Africa should make a particularly compelling appeal to every consecrated colored man," and so on.

But Norton was interested in souls, he said, and not in the color of human skins. He left the board's rooms convinced that there was a mistake and that he had made it. He had seriously misjudged the board. Bitterly he reflected afterwards that he had thought that they were Christians!

His missionary zeal did not at once abate, and so he started with his wife on a tour through the South, with the avowed purpose of converting the Negroes there. He had desperately determined to *be* "colored." They got as far as Petersburg, Virginia, became upset and frightened at the hostility they engendered among the Negroes by their frank, somewhat superior-minded assumption that they needed conversion, and returned, cured, to the North, where Norton accepted the pastorate of a church in a New England town. But his disillusionment must have been both thorough and permanent, for not long afterward he had given up religious work for good and was driving a huge auto truck for some New York business house.

One winter morning he was found frozen to death in the city's streets. It is said that his mind had become deranged from brooding over his abortive missionary efforts. His widow now does uplift work in a Jim Crow Y. W. C. A. in a Southern city. And the soft-voiced, elderly gentlemen of the missionary board, one supposes, still approve "colored" missionary applicants for service—in Africa only.

Billers

By ANN HAMILTON

Forty or maybe fifty year
Tim Billers wore a coachman's gear,

Drove for Mister and Missus Brown,
Steered their carriage round the town,

Fussed with horses all his life
To buy bread for a snappish wife;

His cloth hat made his face look hot,
He always joked around a lot;

A great one to be awful kind—
Quiet and kind as you could find.

Then Brown got in a bunch of crooks,
Lost some money and pulled the hooks,

Skinned Billers out of all he'd earned
Since the first time his hand was turned;

And one day down on Center Street
Billers shot him and fixed him neat;

But people seemed to understand,
And crowded up to shake his hand.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter himself was educated in the old-fashioned way. He went to school at nine o'clock, not because of any deep desire for instruction at that hour but because he was punished for being tardy. From nine to three he lived by rule; he could not speak without permission; he progressed from room to room not by himself but standing in line with his fellows; he was frowned upon if he laughed, or scuffled his feet, or dropped a book, or wriggled in his chair, or failed in the smallest detail to maintain a decorous and highly unnatural demeanor. From time to time he has read with interest of the experiments in education which are going on around him. There are schools, he learns, where "the nature-study room is ready to receive the collection of snakes, mice, kittens, and puppies which children are already bringing." He reads that "the deadening effect of artificial discipline is very evident," and that "in freedom alone can the individual experience the inherent quality which is contained in every existing thing."

* * * * *

HE has eagerly awaited statements from the parents of students at these paradises of education. "My child," he expected them to say, "at six shows signs of becoming a great painter," or "My young daughter, aged twelve, manages the household with more ease than I do," or "Just from his experiences at playing grocery store in school my boy is a better mathematician than his brother in high school who never had the advantages of a real education." And alas, what actually are the reports? "My son at twelve can neither read nor write nor spell; I am afraid I shall have to take him out of that school." "That school may be all right for shy, backward children, but for our two, who have already so much energy and gusto and persistence that no one in the house has any peace, it is simply ruinous. *We* cannot stand the strain of so much freedom." "They don't think it is proper for a child to read at her age and of course she has read since she was four and loves it, and she simply refuses to be amused by paper cut-outs or wooden beads on a string." And the most disturbing report of all is that one of the most modern of the schools is contemplating going back to the old primary system where Order and Discipline and Quiet and Rules are the first lessons taught, if not the first ones learned.

* * * * *

IT is all very perplexing. The world, though not exactly full of, is nevertheless partly populated with, persons whose minds are free, fresh, and able to receive or even to create a new idea. The Drifter knows a few such persons; and every one of them is a product of the old system. Obviously these are happy accidents. For a time he was joyful in the thought that under the new system of education such accidents would be more frequent. And so they may be; yet it is barely possible that some people are born to be free and some to be slaves; the latter, under any sort of tuition, and with any amount of freedom, will not learn the proper relationship between themselves and the universe, and the former cannot be kept from learning it. While these abstruse questions are being settled, however, the Drifter almost wishes that he were back in school; he would not insist on perpetual freedom but he would enjoy being keeper of the school menagerie.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Spain Today

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article published in your issue of September 26, under the heading of The Revolt in Spain, is a tissue of happy-go-lucky inaccuracies, intermingled with some occasional truisms which, in trying to explain all, leave all in a maze of obscurity.

Whether the individual Spaniard is as democratic as painted is a matter of individual appreciation. I believe he is. But the assertion that the Spanish Government is the most autocratic in Europe (Russia and Italy temporarily excepted) is far from true. Really, in Spain, never in my recollection was there a government in the approved sense of the term. To call it "misgovernment," while true enough, would not fit in exactly, nor do I find any appropriate word in English to designate the actual thing, which in Spain itself is called *desgobierno*, something akin to "ungovernment." Whoever says that the King of Spain rules by divine right ought to know better, for he does nothing of the kind. Much less does he appoint ministers, life senators, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the like, although he has, perhaps, something to do with the decorative part of the system, that is, the bestowing of decorations and grandeeships of the realm. As to appointing army officers he has no power at all. The War Minister brings the nominations in batches every year from the military colleges for the King's signature, and that is all the King does—the signing up. As to the high officers, the Minister can be depended upon to have them appointed among his friends and retainers. The same can also be said of the ecclesiastical appointees, who are all recommended by the Minister of Justice.

The Spanish Senate contains 300 members, 150 of whom, that is, half the number, are elected through *compromisarios* or senatorial electors, just as the President of the United States. Whether the elections are fair or unfair is another and altogether different question. Perhaps it concerns others than Spaniards. That the grandees are exempted from taxation is a huge hoax. There may be tax-dodgers among them, of which there are said to be quite a few outside of Spain. On the other hand, there is no doubt of King Alfonso's popularity.

Miguel de Unamuno has not been punished otherwise than by demotion from rectorship to professorship at Salamanca. He was once tried and convicted of lese majeste, sentenced to seventeen years of hard labor, and pardoned a few days afterward by the King. In fact, he never was in prison. As to his demotion from rectorship to mere professorship, while I do not know the exact motive or pretext, I have heard that it was based on the fact that his mental faculties were impaired and that the distinguished professor had become an actual crank and a bore.

New York, September 22 RAMÓN A. MARTÍNEZ

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can well understand why Mr. Martínez should find my article on Spain full of "inaccuracies." Politically we speak totally different languages. I take the point of view of the liberals and he of the royalists. I fully agree with Mr. Martínez that Señor Unamuno is guilty of lese majeste; he regards it as his mission in life to liberalize the Spanish monarchy. Mr. Martínez states on hearsay that Señor Unamuno's "faculties were impaired" and that he is a "crank and a bore." I have had the pleasure of hearing Señor Unamuno speak in public, I have read most of his writings, and I consider him Spain's greatest intellectual and moral force. No less an authority than James Fitzmaurice Kelly rates Señor Unamuno as Spain's greatest living man of letters.

Before going to Spain I, too, cherished the current foreign notion that Alfonso was a popular monarch. Were Mr. Martínez to visit Spain now, I am sure that he would not be so stout a defender of the Spanish King. In his youth Alfonso was looked upon as the beloved messiah who was to free his people from centuries of almost continuous warfare. They want only bread and peace. But instead of peace he gives them war, and for bread he gives them a stone. Peoples today no longer suffer in silence and pay for the gambling debts and amorous escapades of absolute monarchs while their sons are slaughtered because of the criminal negligence of the appointees of their rulers. Mr. Martínez says that there is "ungovernment" in Spain. For that very reason the Spanish King is an autocrat. Some one must hold the reigns tightly in a land where anarchy threatens the state, and Alfonso has usurped powers which were not conferred upon him by the constitution of 1876, ostensibly still in force. By this constitution Alfonso is empowered to suspend guaranties when parliament is not in session. Professor Ogg, in his "Governments of Europe," says: "It need hardly be pointed out that the opportunity for the evasion of constitutionalism which is created by this power of suspension is enormous, and anyone at all familiar with the history of public affairs in Spain would be able to cite numerous occasions upon which upon pretexts more or less plausible the guaranties of the fundamental law have been set at naught."

Now when a king makes and unmakes ministries without regard to parliament or people it looks very much as though he ruled by "divine right." It may be that the ministers of war and of justice recommend military and ecclesiastical appointees, but if a minister of war or a minister of justice is responsible only to a king and not to parliament he easily degenerates into a convenient rubber stamp. Alfonso has had to bow so often to popular clamor in his appointments and dismissals that, fearing for his throne because of recent riots and mutinies, he either secretly engineered himself or allowed to be engineered the military coup d'etat of Señor Primo de Rivera, a general and a nobleman. The present dictatorship is a clever camouflage on the part of the King to save his tottering throne.

Again, if Mr. Martínez will examine the constitution of 1876 he will see that one-third of the senate is appointed by the King for life. As to the question of exemption from taxation of grandees and ruling class in general, that is one of the burning issues in Spain today. The liberals reiterate again and again that the privileged classes do not pay their taxes and that the poor man bears the burden alone.

Boston, October 1 SAMUEL M. WAXMAN

Lingerie in Oklahoma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just before Attorney General Palmer made his mighty effort to make this country unsafe for the safe and insane for the sane, I purchased two suits of red flannel underwear. Some time after this Mr. Palmer made his fierce drive on Reds. In those days I was getting small wages and my outside clothes were very thin. I was almost certain that if the seams ripped or the goods broke and my red undergarments were brought to light I would be arrested and charged with being a dangerous radical who wore a red flag wrapped around his abdomen. So I pulled them off and locked them up in the trunk.

A few months ago I bought myself three white nightgowns—yes, I know that a he-man should not wear nightgowns, but they are very nice to sleep in when used for that purpose. Well, a short time after the purchase Governor Walton busted into the Klan. One of my neighbors says that if he sees anyone prowling around in the night time with a nightgown on he will shoot first and investigate afterward. Sometimes I hear the chickens squawking and I get up to see what is the matter and run outdoors before I realize my danger. But after due deliberation, I have decided that until safe and sane times come and until the commandment "Mind your own business" is taught it will be best to lock up my nightgowns with the red underwear and stick to B. V. D's.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, September 5 GUY WILLIAMSON

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A Victory for Passive Resistance?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since Homer is said to have nodded, I suppose that we must expect even *The Nation* on occasion to nod. I am sorry, however, that the nod came on such an issue as the abandonment of the passive resistance policy in the Ruhr. This is not a triumph of force, not a defeat of passive resistance, as you have stated. On the contrary! For nine months the passive resisters have held the whole military power of France at bay. They have made the French invasion a futile and foolish thing. See, for evidence, J. Henry Scattergood's testimony in his address at Williamstown! Hopelessly defeated in his purpose to conquer the German citadel by force of arms, Poincaré at last looked for traitors to betray it and found them in the great German industrials and their puppet, Stresemann. The German people have been sold out. But passive resistance remains what it has been from the beginning, a weapon more potent than an "army with banners"—and machine-guns.

New York, October 1 John Haynes Holmes

Intellectual Washington

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Returning from my vacation *The Nation* for September 5 has been placed before me and I have read your article entitled Washington: A Capitol Without a Thunderer. Permit me to offer comment on one sentence that has for me and for others with whom I discussed the article a very bitter taste and which is, I believe, essentially false. I refer to the sentence in which you state, in referring to the newspaper press of Washington, that "its intellectual level has, over a long period of time, been that of the bulk of its poorly salaried constituency."

Now I cannot think that you wish to slur the government employees because they are badly underpaid or that you wish to give the idea that our intellectual level is low because of our underpayment. Furthermore, I thoroughly believe that it is absolutely incorrect to state that the intellectual level of the government employees is low. I believe that I am in a position to know the facts with reference to this matter. From my nineteen years' experience here I believe that there is no librarian in the United States who has a more intelligent constituency or a constituency with a keener appetite for the best literature, including plenty of high-brow stuff! It has always been one of our handicaps that we are unable to supply the demand for the best worthwhile books of non-fiction as they are published. For example, we were never able to buy more than twenty or twenty-five copies of Wells's "Outline of History," whereas the insistent demand for that book would have justified us in buying fifty or more copies had we been able to afford them. In spite of the fact that we have almost no branch libraries we have a registration of over 60,000 readers and an annual circulation of over 1,000,000 volumes. This means that our readers come miles for the privilege of securing books. It is unfair to say that the intellectual level of this town is low.

George F. Bowman, Librarian

The Public Library, Washington, D. C., September 28

Peace, in Normandy

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it perhaps a symbol that across the bay from Havre where every day enormous ocean liners disembark numberless visitors to the Old World a little center has lately been established dedicated to the study of international problems? All the world has lately seen the exploiters of public opinion, unrestrained by conscientious scruples, deliberately creating a false and dangerous international situation. The public mind is being so misled that everywhere men and women of vision, fearful of the sinister future being prepared for mankind, ask in dismay whither the world is tending.

To what, indeed, will mankind be brought if these dangerous doctrines, scattered broadcast across the world, are not exposed in their falsity? Today merely to assume the right of criticism requires audacity; to attempt to combat the situation is to assume a crushing burden.

It is to this overwhelming task that the little conference, called last summer at Honfleur, dared to dedicate itself. While the evil psychology of war still dominates the world, in this quiet corner of Normandy a noteworthy effort toward international education is being made. Here year by year serious minds will meet and exchange opinions, and here future policies will be discussed and amplified in an atmosphere of liberal thought.

Each year it is planned to follow the program successfully established during the three-week session of the past summer. One after another a succession of competent men and women of varying nationalities met and discussed from various angles contemporary problems, international, sociological, and economic, always in an atmosphere of liberal thought and in complete freedom. Never by official means could such a real rapprochement have been attained. The effort of such a resolute group must do more to establish human brotherhood than could all the diplomatic missions in the world, charged with diplomatic lies. Is it too much to hope that in the future the work of the Honfleur Conference may prove a weighty factor in the struggle for the truth? Such an effort deserves every encouragement. In France the friends of peace hail with joy the initiative of the little group that has called the Honfleur Conference into being.

Paris, France, September 15 Jeanne Melin

A Protest Against Indiana Imperialism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without wishing to detract from the glories of Indiana, as revealed by Theodore Dreiser in *The Nation* of October 3, I must, as an Ohioan, object to his annexing William Henry Harrison to the Hoosier State. Though born in Virginia, General Harrison made Ohio his home and was elected to Congress and to the Presidency therefrom. He is buried at North Bend. Tecumseh, whom he fought at Tippecanoe, was also an Ohio man. Thomas A.—not Thomas B.—Hendricks, was Vice-President of the United States and he was born in Muskingum County, Ohio!

New York, October 9 Don C. Seitz

A Correction

In its issue of September 26 *The Nation* made the following statement in an editorial note:

Non-resident fees in State universities are a common provision, but the University of California has added to its fee of $150 for students from outside the State an extra sum of $50 for all foreigners. Whether they live in the State or not, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, foreign students who have not taken out their first papers must pay both fees.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, it appears, and consequently *The Nation*, was in error. B. M. Woods, the assistant dean of the University of California, assures us that this statement is unwarranted. He says:

The university has never required alien students to pay tuition or other fee additional to that collected from all non-residents of California. Non-resident aliens and non-resident students of the United States are treated exactly alike.

We are particularly glad, in view of our strictures on the reported practice, to print this correction.

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Books

Confusing Psychology

Psychological Types. By C. G. Jung. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

IN psychological works by Englishmen one is frequently impressed by the distillation into simplicity of profound insight and elaborate scholarship. In similar works in the German tongue one is time and again astounded by the indirectness, obscurity, and dogmatism with which a few simple—and questionable—ideas can be expounded. In this instance the fault may be in the translation. But it would have to be a very bad translation indeed which could turn decent German into such appalling English. One reads page after page in pained disbelief. The words, with a few hundred barbarous exceptions, seem English enough. But the cadence of the phrases, the structure of the sentences, the architecture of the ideas are like nothing to be found in any major European language. Certainly if Mr. Jung's book is even readable in the original, then his translator owes him and his English-reading public an apology. This reviewer can certify to having read the six hundred pages with care. He can urge no one, save gluttons for literary punishment, to do likewise.

It is a great pity. For despite its pretentious jargon, its weird generalizations, its petulant bombast masquerading as science, the book is interesting. Mr. Jung has attempted the hopeless and tempting task of classifying human beings into psychological types. Coleridge, it will be recalled, divided mankind into Platonists and Aristotelians, Gilbert and Sullivan observed that "every little boy or gal that's born into the world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." An unremembered wit said there were two classes of people in the world: those who divided people into two classes and those who did not. Mr. Jung has his two pet types and his four favorite subdivisions under each, and in an intelligible prose they might have been as illuminating as any others. Under the names extravert and introvert, Mr. Jung calls attention to the familiar distinction among human beings between those who are characteristically controlled in their conduct by the external world of facts, objects, and conditions, and those who are moved for the most part by their undisciplined dreams, their irrelevant visions, and their uncontrolled fantasies and desires. (As Mr. Jung concludes his ponderous volume with a hundred and six pages of what his favorite words mean in his vocabulary, the reviewer trembles to use any word in its common or garden variety of meaning.)

Mr. Jung's distinction has been made time and again under different names: the classic and romantic, the objective and the subjective, the rationalist and the sentimentalist, the tender minded and the tough minded. It has received classic illustration in Hamlet and Ulysses, in Mary and Martha, in Rachel and Leah. Mr. Jung himself spends some four hundred pages in culling examples of this distinction in "history, poetry, psychiatry, aesthetics, and philosophy." So copious and omnivorous are his explorations that at times the book seems for all the world like a parody of German *Wissenschaft* written by Stephen Leacock or Robert C. Benchley.

The distinction probably holds water, though Mr. Jung does almost nothing to show how much or what variety of water it does hold. He complicates and classifies still further by calling solemn attention to the fact that both the extravert and the introvert may be moved primarily by reason, feeling, sensation, or intuition. There are a good many pages about the last named, but intuition remains none the less as vague and sloppy a term as it is in the hands of Maeterlinck or Bergson, or in the practitioners of the Higher Life meetings that fill ballrooms on Sunday afternoons in New York hotels.

Now Mr. Jung is a distinguished and successful psychiatrist at Zurich, and gives evidence even in this book of being a sensitive knower of men. But page after page he turns local insights into cosmic dogmas, and plausible suggestions into the silliest of "world laws." Somewhere in the muddled stream of these six hundred pages Mr. Jung points out that if you criticize a man's work you simply show that your "type" is not "in rapport with," "projects no parallelism with," "has simply a negative relation with" the type you criticize. The present reviewer, even after six hundred pages, is unable to say whether he is an extravert or an introvert, or whether thought or intuition is with him a primary or mediate function. He can only say in all frankness that the book seems a notorious instance of that pretentious verbalism, that mechanic of thought without its content, which justly brings learning into disrepute. Psychology at its best is a highly suggestive form of literature; it gains nothing but a bad reputation by palming off flub-dub science.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Art of the Singer

Lillian Nordica's Hints to Singers. Transcribed by William Armstrong. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The Art of the Prima Donna and Concert Singer. By Frederick H. Martens. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

NEARLY ten years have passed since the death of Lillian Nordica. In spite of the lapse of time and in spite of the rise to fame of younger singing-women, it holds true that anything the late Mme Nordica has to say to the singers and the would-be singers of today possesses a quite special value. Mme Nordica's talent was not one of those Minerva-like phenomena that spring into being practically perfected. In the absorbing pages of these "Hints to Singers" an unremitting worker speaks to other workers.

Underlying an extraordinary career is the determining fact that Lillian Nordica first of all learned really to *sing*. This basic mastery of vocal technic proved an unfailing stand-by. Her steady recognition of that fact, together with the caprice of fate that deprived her of the natural facility with which not a few eminent singers have been endowed, imparts to the hundred-odd pages of her "Hints" their peculiar and abiding worth.

A somewhat longer companion book to the Nordica volume is "The Art of the Prima Donna," by Frederick H. Martens. It really consists of hints to singers by not one but twenty lyric ladies. Mr. Martens has interviewed the twenty—"heart-to-heart talks" is his exact language. "In easy, conversational fashion," he adds, "they present the lessons of experience which has led them to the summits of vocal success."

It may perhaps seem ungracious to begin by charging Mr. Martens with a sin of omission, but really one cannot help wondering at the conspicuous absence of certain names from the twenty *prime donne* that he selects. It is hard to see how he could manage *not* to call on Mmes Fremstad and Garden, Mmes Melba and Tetrazzini. Mme Sembrich's long career would seem recent enough, as well as important enough, to entitle her to an honored place in the book. Mme Matzenauer could certainly contribute matter of exceptional interest. And perhaps no singer before the public is better qualified to expound instructively the art of the *prima donna* than Mme Frances Alda. And yet not one of those distinguished singing-women is summoned to give testimony in Mr. Martens's court. However, though some of the inclusions in his company of twenty (in view of the omissions, at least) may occasion a mild surprise, he does allow his readers to hear from Mmes Calvé, Schumann-Heink, Farrar, Homer, Galli-Curci, Hempel, Raisa, Jeritza, Verlet, and Easton.

If a sufficient proportion of these heart-to-heart confessions do not greatly transcend the lingerie-and-tatting stage of lyric experience, there is also a lot of solid meat in the book. For instance, all that Mme Calvé has to say is worthy of close attention, including her defense of the discreet use of gesture on the concert stage. "Breathe right and you will sing right,"

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sententiously remarks Mme Schumann-Heink—a fundamental truth that her own singing nobly illustrates. Mme Galli-Curci and Mme Hempel prove particularly judicious and practical in their advice. "As I see it," remarks Mme Rosa Raisa, "the *real* soprano, the artist who has voice and musicianship, should be able to sing every kind of soprano role, as they did in the old *bel canto* days," and there Mme Raisa, who, thanks to her early studies with Barbara Marchisio, was trained in the authentic spirit of *bel canto*, nails the modern fallacy of an extreme vocal specialization.

Unfortunately the substance of wisdom is not the whole of this book. We find the same old contralto wail about the unattractiveness of most contralto roles—"villainesses," witches, shrews. As a matter of fact, there is a whole treasury of contralto parts that these ladies seem not even to suspect. Do they know, to take a single example, that Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" was written for a low voice? If one or other of the complaining contraltos would only prove to managers and public that she can sing and play Rosina . . .!

Mme Easton voices some debatable opinion. "Never sing your top notes needlessly," she warns. "Old Sims Reeves used to say that every singer had just so many top notes and used them up, one by one." If that contention be true, Lilli Lehmann ought to have gone into vocal bankruptcy long ago. And yet in her eighty-first year she still can sing the top E, and does. Nor did any one ever accuse Mme Lehmann of parsimony in the expenditure of high notes. Quite the contrary!

The section of the book allotted to Mme Farrar, being particularly personal and vivacious, is bound to have readers. "I am by no means the first or last to present a successful Butterfly. At least two singers *vocally my superiors* [the italics are mine] have sung the part." "I think the role of Carmen is great fun, because it demands much high animal spirits and pulchritude, and the singer first of all must absolutely look her part, so that every man in the house who sees her will wish to send his card behind the wings." The frankness and liveliness of such and kindred statements are most engaging.

But Mme Farrar is just as blithely positive where the records do not bear her out. What does she mean by saying of Carmen that "no contralto has ever carried this role to success"? Did she never hear of a singer named Trebelli, nor of another named Maria Gay? And doubtless the best representative of the Spanish gypsy in our century, with the possible exception of Emma Calvé, was another contralto, Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli.

Mme Farrar is not so wary as to avoid repeating ignorant cant like the following: "Formerly, all she [the opera singer] had to do was to step out on the stage and pay attention to nothing but her song. In fact, so different are the two types of opera, that to ask any great exponent of the modern dramatic score to sing a Bellini aria, would be like asking Dempsey to pick up a pin." Mme Raisa might have something to say to that, as well as Mme Farrar's adored teacher, Lilli Lehmann. So might women named Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Viardot-Garcia, Titiens, if they could speak to us. And what on earth is Mme Farrar thinking of when she declares: "Practically the only great Italian singer who has gone beyond his own country's repertory was Caruso"?

As for singing "from the inside, out," why "Calvé was the first to call attention to it by 'being it,' and together with Miss Mary Garden and myself, developed the singing actress of the modern repertory." At this point the ensorcellated reader can do nothing but reverently close the book and call for three rousing cheers from the living and the dead!

The danger to students that lurks in such a book as Mr. Martens's is illustrated to perfection in the gay and sparkling misinformation with which an interview with a prima donna, though perfectly innocent in its intent, may so easily abound. The book as a whole is rich in wisdom, in sound and mature counsel, but the burden lies with the reader of distinguishing the wheat from the chaff.

PITTS SANBORN

Greek and Roman Classics

Loeb Classical Library: *Geography of Strabo II.* Translated by H. E. Jones.—*Polybius III.* Translated by W. R. Paton.—*Hippocrates.* Translated by H. S. Jones.—*Cicero de Senectute, de Amicitia, de Divinatione.* Translated by W. A. Falconer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

Our Debt to Greece and Rome: 10a. *Cicero and His Influence.* By John C. Rolfe. 33. *Warfare by Land and Sea.* By Eugene S. McCartney. 36. *Mathematics.* By David Eugene Smith. Marshall Jones Company. $1.50 each.

Broadway Translations: *Petronius, the Satyricon.* Translated by J. M. Mitchell. *The Girdle of Aphrodite—The Love Poems of the Palatine Anthology.* Translated by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3 each.

THAT literature—whether original, imitative, or compiled—owes a mighty debt to the fostering warmth of patronage is not to be disputed; on the whole it is probable that quality thereby, as well as quantity, has gained rather than suffered. Interesting enough in these days is the sight of a stream, issuing from this benign source, of the Greek and Roman classics and of treatises, fresh and modern in spirit, on our debt to the life of Greece and Rome. Thanks to the generous interest of the sponsor of the Loeb Series and the list of patrons who made possible the series entitled Our Debt to Greece and Rome, our chances of escaping that "age of ignorance" deplored in a despondent moment by Johnson in the *Idler*, "when the treasures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined and original authors are neglected and forgotten," are increased in great measure.

We await with eagerness the arrival of further volumes promised in these series where, as in many already issued, title and author alike promise excellence.

In the Loeb translations the new volumes are the second of the "Geography of Strabo," the third of "Polybius," the first of "Hippocrates," and in a single volume three of the best known of Cicero's shorter essays, the "De Senectute, de Amicitia, and de Divinatione." In Strabo we have volumes 3-5 of his work—the most significant to a modern reader—describing the Spain, France, and Italy of an age when, the writer tells us, "the inhabited world comes to an end" with the Strait of Gibraltar. The new instalment of "Polybius" contains the valuable treatise on the Roman constitution (Book VI) and ends with the capture of Syracuse. "The Hippocrates"—which includes the famous "Oath"—is enhanced in value by the translator's introduction and notes. Of the "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia" of Cicero—the late Frederic Harrison said that "every man who has attained, or hopes to attain to old age, or who has, or hopes to have a friend," should read them; "a pleasanter book for a quiet elderly man cannot be found," he adds. Of these and of the "De Divinatione" W. A. Falconer of Arkansas has produced an excellent translation.

In "Warfare by Land and Sea" appears a most interesting collection of analogies between ancient and modern warfare, both in tactics and strategy and in the importance of naval operations. Perhaps the most surprising information is in the chapter on ballistics, where we are told of the astonishing distances reached by the Greek and Roman siege engines—the artillery of the ancients, employed in field as well as against fortifications. The layman, reading Professor Smith's well-ordered and scholarly account of ancient mathematics, will probably find a suggestion to provoke thought in the continuity of our scientific knowledge and the contributions of Greeks in pure mathematics and of Romans in applied science.

"Cicero and His Influence" is J. C. Rolfe's subject; a separate volume in the series on "Cicero as Philosopher" is promised. Estimates of the man, ancient and modern, are cited, and a sympathetic account of Cicero's political ideals and his conduct as a statesman follows. Naturally the larger part of the book deals with the influence in his own and later times of the orator and writer—a subject, according to Schanz, that is yet to be

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written. On Cicero the man Mr. Rolfe is a partisan, for which we are grateful: it is to be doubted if any man among the world's great has had from lesser men more words of bitter criticism or of patronizing defense than he. His very human weaknesses, revealed so frankly in his letters, have no "good press" to hide them from his own time or ours, and have, since Mommsen's day, been a godsend to the thesis-provers and to the breed of pamphleteers—alas, not yet extinct!—who can aspire to the dubious rewards of shallow cleverness in writing of a great soul tragically burdened by fate. Some day, perhaps, we may better gauge the perplexities by which, as man and statesman, Cicero was so beset; may grasp the significance of his heroic effort to achieve the impossible. The hopeless deadlock between senate and magistrates on the one hand and the vicious counter-government of tribunes and assemblies on the other that to Caesar and Antonius spelled opportunity, to him brought a realization of the only way of deliverance. It is not that he was less clear-sighted than they, but more. Poignant indeed is his despairing cry when, at the very crisis, he tried to rouse a sleeping public to a sense of the facts: "nihil prorsus aliud curant nisi agros, nisi villulas, nisi nummulos suos." There is much in Boissier's observation that Cicero paid the penalty for his moderation; more truth, probably, in Cicero's own admission that he clung, with a passion too great, to his own ideals.

The Broadway Translations, we are informed, "are a scholarly and attractive issue of the more robust and human examples of classical and medieval literature." Unless one errs in reading the natural implication of the word "robust," both Petronius and the love poems of the Palatine Anthology may without cavil be allowed a place in the collection. The last few years have witnessed a rather startling output of robust literature: apparently the reading public is suspected of after-war propensities. It was last year, in fact, that the Firepaugh translation of Petronius appeared, in a "privately printed" edition. Compared with it, Mitchell's translation displays a commendable restraint; the notes are on the whole excellent, and unlike those at the end of the Firepaugh edition, are clearly designed for the sole purpose of elucidating the text. The task of the translator in this, by all odds the most colorful writing in Latin literature, is very difficult because of the variety of style and idiom of the original. Some of the notes, like that on "copo compilatus" in Chapter LXII, seem lacking in a sense of the true humor of the situation. The translator has, however, produced the most serviceable edition of the "Satyricon" so far done in English. Of all the speculations about the baffling personality of the genius who wrote the "Satyricon," that of Sidonius Apollinaris, that he was a native of Marseilles, is the most interesting. Certainly no other work of antiquity has in a greater degree a Gallic sureness of touch.

Under the alluring title of "The Girdle of Aphrodite" appear in verse translation the love-poems of the Palatine Anthology, that tenth-century collection, amounting in all to some four thousand poems, of the minor Greek poets, chiefly the Alexandrians. As compared with the complete translation, in prose, that appeared a few years ago in the Loeb series, this edition wisely follows in the steps of such competent translators as Symonds, Mackail, and Lang, and renders the elegiac couplet of the originals in English verse. Rhyme, the translator tells us in the introduction, is "the one grace of verse that English possesses and Greek lacks"; as the one "absolutely perfect translation" he quotes the version of Plato's epigram to Aster:

> "Thou gazest on the stars:
> Would I might be,
> O star of mine, the skies
> With myriad eyes
> To gaze on thee."

His own essays in rendering into English the sprightly conceits of these Hellenic strains *en mineur* are on the whole pleasing, in many cases even happy.

A. H. RICE

Man and the Market

An Introduction to Economic History. By N. S. B. Gras. Harper and Brothers. $2.25.

> "To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
> Home again, home again, jiggety jig."

TO write for college freshmen a textbook that is a work of impressive and commanding scholarship, and to ride a hobby through three hundred pages without unduly boring or biasing the reader, are achievements of no mean order. These achievements Mr. Gras has accomplished in his "Introduction to Economic History," which is essentially a sketch of the economic development of mankind in terms of the growth of the market. More than that, it is a sane and reasonable essay in the economic interpretation of history. Wide and exact scholarship, a stimulating point of view, and a realistic mode of treatment are here combined in the making of an admirable book, albeit one stuffed with facts.

In place of the traditional classification, the author recognizes five stages in economic growth: collectional (including the old hunting and fishing stage), cultural nomadic (including the old pastoral and early agricultural), settled village, town, and metropolitan economy. Peoples do not necessarily pass through all these stages in order. Indeed, a valuable by-product of Mr. Gras's world-wide survey is a keen realization by the reader of the vast number and extent of the survivals of earlier stages today all over the earth, and an understanding of the forces that have brought and are bringing about development from one to another. The work is a study of the conditions, the growth, and the consequences of economic cooperation on a progressively widening scale, with constant attention to collateral political and cultural results, as well as purely economic ones.

The sinful "radicalism" of the conservative objective historian occasionally peeps out to cheer the reader. In the last chapter, for example, after sketching the growth of the eleven metropolitan areas which he discerns in the United States, the author quietly suggests the apparently remote contingency that some day "instead of the almost meaningless divisions of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, we shall have the metropolitan administrative unit of Chicago." Not if the Lusk Committee can help it! But Mr. Gras does not fail to recognize that man is a creature of politics and religion no less than of economics.

In the broad sweep of the survey contemporary happenings and ideas sometimes fall into interesting perspective. The Nonpartisan League becomes a revolt against the metropolitan dominance of the Twin Cities. Enthusiastic internationalists will find their judgment challenged, perhaps, by Mr. Gras's denial of the existence of a world economy in any proper sense, while hot nationalists will discover little support for their passions in his assertion that our real economic unit is not the nation, but the metropolis with its hinterland. Some accepted economic commonplaces, too, are brushed aside. As one watches "the long and frequent processions of pack horses and the trains of creaking carts making their way to town markets." the manor ceases to be the tidy little "self-sufficing" unit of the textbooks; and the towns, which in the theory of Adam Smith and his numerous successors have been engaged chiefly in manufacturing goods for the country, become primarily trading centers, with manufactures as little more than an incident.

In his preoccupation with the market, Mr. Gras does not always keep other things in due perspective. Though this be a world of trade, some of us still believe that the industrial revolution was an important, even if unfortunate, incident in the life of the human race, deserving of more than a single ten-line reference in a summary of economic history. We are firmly persuaded, moreover, that to explain modern business in other than money terms is to miss its point and to befog its

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problems. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries, after all, do differ from their predecessors. A due emphasis on the differences constitutes no denial of the continuity so dear to the heart of the genetic historian, and it does contribute to the philosophical patience so sadly needed as we survey our collective stupidities in dealing with the new-old problems created by those differences. After all, before any of us can bring home the bacon from market, we have got to know how to fatten the pig, and have got to decide who is to have the spareribs and who the bristles—and when all is said and done, as Mr. Gras himself frequently reminds us, life is more than pickled pigs' feet and scrapple.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

After the "Peace"

Europe Since 1918. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. The Century Company. $2.50.

A MORE unqualified indorsement than this book contains of practically every substantive criticism that has been leveled at the Paris peace settlement it would be hard to find. Dr. Gibbons puts the case for the "peace" on trial from its beginning, and pursues the various counts of the indictment unfalteringly to the end. At the same time he disclaims any intention of arguing for or against any particular view of what was done at Paris or of what has happened since, and although his own opinions are freely expressed he may fairly be acquitted of bias. It is hardly likely, however, that the personages whose misconduct he exposes will think him anything but a rank partisan, and his book may win him the distinction of being admired for the enemies he has made; but those who dissent from his main conclusions about the peace will have to bring forward something besides opinions to overthrow them. For he has made out a good case.

What is clear, of course, is that everything at Paris went wrong from the outset, and that the mark of failure was stamped upon the conference almost from the day when the conference began. "The principal asset of success was lacking. The United States had failed to make her cooperation in the war contingent upon the acceptance by her associates of certain facts and well-defined principles. None of them was pledged to us. All of them were pledged to one another" (p. 36). The Treaty of Versailles, accordingly, instead of breathing peace, breathed war. "The Germans were to be considered permanently as enemies. They were not to be allowed to become friends. . . . The more light we get the more we realize that the Treaty of Versailles was not a treaty of peace, and that even those who made it were convinced that it would not and could not bring peace to the world" (pp. 93, 118). President Wilson is a sorry figure when the tale of his work at Paris is told, and the reader who still cherishes respect for either the motives, the intelligence, or the moral sincerity of that one-time idol will not have his respect enhanced by a reading of these pages. The brutal cynicism of Clemenceau, fittingly framed in equally brutal manners and speech, is as clearly pictured in Dr. Gibbons's straightforward narrative as are the weak complacency of Mr. Wilson and the shifty dickering of Mr. Lloyd George. It is a curious illustration of the work of time in dissipating hysteria and vindictiveness that practically every one of the leaders whom the makers and partisans of the peace acclaimed is today in contempt, while more than one of the many who then were denounced and buffeted is today held in honor.

The drafting of the Versailles treaty, however, was only the beginning of trouble, and it is in his account of the events which have followed the Paris conference that Dr. Gibbons makes his chief contribution. Successive chapters tell, in concise and popular form, the story of the treaties of St. Germain, Neuilly, the Trianon, and Sèvres, the effect of the Balkan settlement upon Bulgaria and Albania, the new Baltic republics and their relations with Russia, the formation and political evolution of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, of Austria bereft of its provinces, of Italy from Giolitti to Mussolini, reparations and Allied debts, the Eastern question before and during the Lausanne conference, and the exploits of France and Belgium in the Ruhr. The cumulative impression, as one follows the round, is that the political schemers and autocrats who made the Paris treaties sinned persistently and repeatedly against the light, that they left force enthroned while professing to weaken and shackle it, and that the unsteady structure which they reared is certain before long to go to pieces.

A few typical quotations will best show Dr. Gibbons's point of view. "Since the Treaty of Versailles, from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, all decisions, all changes have been made by and in favor of the people possessing arms and using them" (p. 229). "Greater Poland was a glorious dream, but its realization has meant the disillusionment of the dreamers" (p. 256). "When we estimate the chances of long life for so curiously formed a state as Czecho-Slovakia, we have no other grounds for assuming its durability than the adoption of a program like that advocated by Dr. Benès at Genoa," namely, the acceptance of the principle of "a universal and binding compact of non-aggression" (pp. 271, 272). While "financially and in healthy trade prospects the Baltic republics are better off than any of the new states that have come into being as a result of the World War, with the possible exception of Czecho-Slovakia" (p. 230), Rumania is headed for bankruptcy (p. 316). "The Council of the League of Nations has postponed the collapse of Austria in the same way as it settled the Upper Silesia and Vilna questions, by offering a solution that took into account the transcendent interests of members of the Council" (p. 344); while "less than five years have proved that the Treaty of Versailles has deprived the German people of the possibility of a normal economic existence," and "unless there is a radical revision . . . the Germans may have to emigrate in large numbers or die or fight again" (p. 413). "The lesson of the protracted and fruitless negotiations at Lausanne seems to be that force alone counts for anything in international relations" (p. 440). "From the world point of view, there is no separate problem called the Question of the Straits. . . . There is a question of straits, by which we mean all international waterways. The League of Nations can rightly be suspected of being an agent of particular interests, plotting in the interests of some nations against others, until its champions are able to convince themselves and public opinion in the nations whose representatives sit on the League Council that the League can exist and function only as an instrument of impartial administration and justice" (p. 489).

Where the presentation on the whole is so able and large, it would be ungracious to emphasize defects of detail or to dwell upon debatable points. It is to be regretted, however, that space could not have been found for a fuller record of British performance since 1918, that the development of the neutral states could not have been traced along with that of the former belligerents, and that the spread of Fascism and reaction elsewhere than in Italy could not have been more thoroughly followed. The attitude of the Allied experts at Paris deserves a rougher handling than Dr. Gibbons gives it, and there will certainly be much dissent from the author's summary dismissal of communism in Russia as a failure, as from his declaration that the United States ought to guarantee military aid to France in case another 1914 should come. The great predominance of political over economic data, also, makes the picture of actual conditions at many points incomplete. With these reservations, the book may be heartily commended as an informing, acute, and stirring survey of a situation which bristles all over with danger to the peace of the world, and the plain truths which it presents ought to be widely read and seriously pondered by the American public to which it is primarily addressed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Books in Brief

The Editorials of Henry Watterson. Compiled by Arthur B. Krock. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

This is a compilation by one of Colonel Watterson's ablest subordinates, made with skill and an evident desire to put the Colonel's best foot forward, for many of this editor's saddest mistakes and most erroneous prophecies are generously overlooked. Yet it is these which the historian of the future must also read in order to get a complete picture of Watterson. This volume will please many admirers of the Wattersonian grand manner and peculiar style and was, therefore, probably worth doing. Indeed, from its pages one may deduce some of the likable human qualities which made Kentucky's greatest editor so popular. But the reputation of few editors who have written over so many years can, we believe, be enhanced by such a review and marshaling of the evidences of their pens. It is, therefore, open to question whether a genuine service has been rendered by this volume to the memory of Watterson the writer. A serious defect of the book is that the explanatory comments of the editor are not set in sufficiently different type and manner to distinguish them clearly.

Eris. By Robert W. Chambers. Doran. $2.

"Eris" brings the number of Mr. Chambers's novels up to fifty-seven. This places the author on a numerical par with Mr. Heinz. Mr. Heinz's products are uninjurious, extremely popular, and inordinately profitable. So are Mr. Chambers's. But the comparison ends abruptly with the term "varieties." Mr. Heinz has fifty-seven. Mr. Chambers has only one. His variety consists solely in labels. Eris is a cinema star. There is a director villain, a journalist hero, and the inevitable ending. And there are frequent mid-Victorian attacks on the "Great American Ass," a term of opprobrium which includes all labor unionists, all "worshipers of the cult of ugliness" in art, in literature, and music, all Bolsheviki—in brief, all modern thinkers.

The Story of the Mikado. By W. S. Gilbert. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Only one man should have been permitted to recast the story of "The Mikado" from the imperishable original, and that is the man who has done it. In narrative form, the legend loses inevitably some of its infectious verve, but elements of quaintness and solemn-visaged fun survive in good measure. As an introduction to the classic for children the book is admirable, while the inclusion of most of the lyrics insures it a wider welcome. The volume is beautifully printed, and adorned with happy illustrations by Alice B. Woodward.

Drama

Opus I

MR. GILBERT EMERY, whom you can see nightly acting in a neighboring playhouse, sustains and indeed surpasses the promise and performance of his play "The Hero" in his new tragi-comedy called "Tarnish" (Belmont Theater). The title, though effective, is ill chosen and points to a moral or, at least, to a principle which has little enough inherent connection with the people and their story. It is an amusing but rather cheap and easy formulation—a vulgar error, in fact—that all men have an inveterate taste for perfumed mud and that a girl had better choose one who "cleans easy." If the play were on a level with this generalization or with the coincidence by which the "fancy lady" to whom Letitia Tevis's father gave the family's last and only five hundred dollars happens to be the same fancy lady who was once the special friend of Letitia's young man—if the play didn't rise above that moral and that device comment on it could be quite brief and sharp.

But the play does rise immensely above these things. They are crutches of a sort which I hope some day to see Mr. Emery discard. He hasn't quite enough artistic fortitude yet. But he is gaining. "The Hero" collapsed ingloriously in the last act. The inner line of development and culmination in "Tarnish" runs admirably straight and true. There is no cheap concession at any point. If the ending is technically "happy" it is, for once, profoundly natural. And it is treated with a reserve, with an undertone of restraint which points to Mr. Emery's sensitive discrimination between the happy ending of, say, a John Golden play and such a yielding to the healing illusions of mortality as is necessary to life itself. There is no doubt that Letitia would in time have yielded. She was so lonely, so buffeted. She needed her man. She takes him. The author asks nothing of us but to hope for the best. That is both sane and true.

The special virtue of the play, as of all good plays, is not in its action. The necessary compression of the dramatic form, its necessary pointedness, makes all action debatable. What is both sound and delightful here is the characterization and that part of the fable which arises directly therefrom. The elder Tevises are literally priceless. The lady, a whining and brainless snob, made the mistake in her youth of marrying the handsome bounder Adolphe. Now they are on the verge of old age. Long ago, of course, he ran through her money. They are in a flat on 189th Street. She has nothing left except the memories of former glory and the consciousness of gentility; he, white-haired, fat, but rosy, still treads, when possible, at least the edges of the primrose path. And both are of a selfishness so deadly and unconquerable, portrayed by the author with such masterly precision and truth, that for once the illusion of the stage almost becomes reality and one aches to crush these weak and morally slouchy and yet devouring monsters.

They try to devour their only child, Letitia, of course. Her love and loyalty and decency furnish easy food. But Mr. Emery has not made the mistake of having her too supine. The girl doesn't want, naturally, to see through her parents. But her vision is too honest. A disgust of the mind has come to her. She will flee, and one wishes her well; she has gone hard, and one applauds her hardness. It is the less noble material that yields to the hammer; the nobler gains compactness and strength.

What, finally, raises one's hopes of Mr. Emery and reconciles one almost to his central coincidence is that he does not stop with the sharp moral contrasts which I have indicated. He knows—and this is what separates the dramatic "maker" from the dramatic hack—that every human being has his case, plea, defense. Nettie Dark, the lady of the half-world, has hers, of course. That is obvious and easy. But the unspeakable coward, whiner, roué, Adolphe Tevis, has his. He snivels and lies and poses. But for a minute or two, in a scene with Letitia which is as deep and as delicately molded as anything in dramatic form written in this country, he states his case. And it is a case. It carries conviction. The color of the moral world is neither black nor white; it is an endless gray.

This admirable and moving play is superbly cast and acted. Miss Ann Harding who glimmered briefly with little but her beauty in Macdougal Street a few seasons ago appears here as perhaps the most stringently intelligent of our younger actresses. She has emotional reach, too. But mind is added to fire, accuracy to charm. Next to her performance I should place Albert Gran's as Tevis. The Micawberish is broader and easier. But here it is done with richness and zest yet without excess. Tom Powers is excellent as always. He is a lover and is not foolish, a young lover and yet a sane man. And equal praise must be given to Fania Marinoff, Mrs. Russ Whitehall, Marion Lord, Mrs. Jacques Martin, and Mildred MacLeod. Having seen "Tarnish," both the play and the performance, one has left the limbo of the early season and is convinced once more—it was high time—that both the drama, and even an American drama, and the art of the theater exist.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

British Raj Dethrones the Maharaja of Nabha

By BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

YESTERDAY he was the supreme ruler of 300,000 people inhabiting 1,000 square miles in the state of Nabha; today he is a tragic prisoner at Deradun in British India. The British Raj recently dethroned this Sikh Maharaja of Nabha. The British press correspondents have so far succeeded in withholding this significant news from the American press and the public.

The offense with which the Maharaja has been charged is that a few of his officers are responsible for the arrest under false charges and punishment of certain officers of the neighboring state of Patiala in the Punjab, and that he was cognisant of these offenses and did nothing to punish his offending officers.

This was a dispute between two of India's ruling princes. There is already a chamber of princes in connection with the Government in India supposedly to safeguard the interests of the princes. For mysterious reasons this dispute was studiously kept from the attention of this chamber. The British Government appointed a British official to investigate the matter, and he found the Maharaja of Nabha guilty. The report has not yet been made public. It will never be if the British Government strictly adheres to its traditions in India. No definite information as to the nature of the offenses of the Nabha officers is given out. The Maharaja was given no warning, and certainly no hearing was granted him. He is forbidden to publish any account of his side of the question. His Britannic Majesty's officials declared: "Let the Maharaja of Nabha be deposed," and he was deposed.

Soon after this he was made a virtual prisoner in his own palace. He was not allowed to go out, nor was he allowed to receive friends and sympathizers. His letters were opened, and even his movements within the palace were closely watched. His Highness the Maharaja Shri Ripudaman Singh of Nabha was indeed a singh (lion) in a golden cage. But this Sikh lion was soon removed to a mountain home. On Sunday, July 8, at 6:30 a.m. Colonel Minchin, the British political agent, reached Nabha with a colonel, a few British officials, about 250 soldiers, three machine-guns, and a quantity of ammunition. The Heera Mahal Palace was surrounded by armed soldiers, and machine-guns were placed at strategic points. The Maharaja was ordered to prepare for departure.

Then the British officials took possession of the fort of Nabha, and there, in the absence of the Maharaja, a conference was held in which the end of the Maharaja Ripudaman Singh's rule was declared. It was announced that the affairs of the state would be managed by the Government of India until the four-year-old heir, the Tikha Sahib, reached his majority.

At about 9:30 a.m. the Maharaja and Her Highness the Maharani were forced to enter an automobile and were driven away. They were both calm and stern as they entered the car, but their eyes were glistening with tears, tears perhaps not for their thrones and palaces and jewels, but for their child from whom they were being separated.

The Maharaja was compelled by the British Government to sign a document of "abdication." The conditions of this deposition, which the British so euphemistically call "abdication" are as follows: (1) The administration of the state will be handed over to the Government of India; (2) the Maharaja will in future reside outside the state; (3) visits which the Maharaja wishes to make to Nabha or other specified places will require permission of the Government of India; (4) the Maharaja will remain subject to the obligation of loyalty and obedience to the British Crown and the Government of India.

This condition of loyalty is the crux of the situation. The question of loyalty and disloyalty is the cause of the deposition of Nabha. This Prince of India is a Sikh by faith. The Sikh faith unites the Hindus and Mohammedans on a common platform. In recent years nationalist unrest and revolutionary activities have been spreading among the Sikhs, who for years have been loyal to the British Raj. The strangling of the Sikhs at home and in British colonies like Canada has alienated the more intelligent among the Sikhs. The Maharaja of Nabha is a real Sikh, a true disciple of Guru Govind Singh. He is well read, cultured, widely traveled, and intensely patriotic. From his early youth he has been a man of independent spirit. He does not talk much, but thinks deeply. Unlike many of his compatriots he thinks, not in terms of Nabha or sikhism, but in terms of India as a nation, glorious in the past, enslaved at present, but with a radiant future.

During the administration of Lord Minto the Maharaja was the crown prince of Nabha, and was nominated by the British Government as a member to the Viceroy's legislative council. And to the disappointment and dismay of Lord Minto this young prince, instead of sitting with the government members, was wont to sit with the leader of the opposition, Mr. G. K. Gokhale, a conservative and pacifist like Mahatma Gandhi, and his real and professional followers. In violation of the traditions of the nominated members, the prince of Nabha voted with Mr. Gokhale against the Government. This Tikka-Sahib of Nabha even voted against the Seditious Meetings Bill by which the Government sought to suppress freedom of speech and assemblage. This patriotic act at once made him seditious in the eyes of the Government, and at the same time exceedingly popular with the people of the land.

Such an act could not be tolerated in a prince whose state had done so much for the British in the Afghan War of 1879-80 and during India's War of Independence in 1857-58. So when his father, Maharaja Heera Singh, died, the British delayed long before formally installing him on his own throne. And again, during the World War Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Governor of the Punjab, was displeased with the Maharaja for his tacit opposition to England's exploitation of India's princes and peoples. He was secretly charged with disloyalty to the British Crown, and on threat of deposition was forced openly to pay $1,600,000 for England's war purposes.

Quite undaunted the Maharaja kept in close touch with the ramifications of the Nationalist movement in India and abroad. He knew what the Amritsar massacre was for; he knew what it meant to see hundreds and thousands of his fellow-countrymen and coreligionists beaten by the British police in the Sikh holy places. Besides Gokhale, he

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was also a friend of Tilak, who before the advent of the revolutionists was the leader of the radical wing and had been imprisoned several times for his patriotic activities. To be a friend of Tilak was to be condemned by the British Government. Yet this Indian prince openly presided over a Tilak memorial meeting at Musoorie in 1921, paid $300,000 for a Tilak library, and in the course of his speech said: "Mr. Tilak was a man of towering personality, a leader of iron will and determination, a soul of inspired vision. He was a giant among men, inspired with lofty ideals of regenerating his nation and uplifting his country which could once style itself the cradle-land of civilization."

We knew then that some sort of humiliation for Nabha could not be long delayed. Today he stands humiliated indeed. But out of this evil to Nabha will come good to all India. The direct and immediate effect of this deed will be a tremendous tidal wave of unrest. The Sikh community is doubly affected—nationally and religiously. The Babbar Akali Sikhs have already challenged the alleged supremacy of the British rule in India. Led by the patriotic ex-soldiers of the British army in India they have started guerrilla warfare in the districts of Hosiarpur and Jullunder in the Punjab. The British have declared martial law in these districts and their aeroplanes are flying over them trying to terrorize the people into submission. Perhaps this is another reason why the Maharaja of Nabha has been deposed and deported from the Punjab in such haste. It would be useful for the readers of this article to remember at this time that there are thousands upon thousands of Sikh soldiers in the British army of occupation in India. For numerous reasons they are already showing unmistakable signs of militant restlessness. From the very beginning of his administration, Lord Reading has been doing everything in his power to pacify the Sikhs.

Not only the Sikhs, but all sects and creeds and provinces of India are protesting against the deportation of Nabha. For, quite unlike those treacherous Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh leaders who openly or secretly sow the seeds of sectarian dissension and communal bitterness, the Maharaja of Nabha is first a Hindustanee and then a Sikh. His exile will undoubtedly hasten the day when British rule in India will be a thing of the past.

Indian Rights in the United States

THE following memorandum, signed by representative American missionaries in India and addressed to the American people and the Government, was published in the Indian press on August 9. The decision of the Supreme Court regarding the naturalization of Indians in the United States was commented upon editorially in last week's *Nation*. The naturalization law of the United States limits the granting of citizenship to "aliens being free white persons," "aliens of African nativity," and "persons of African descent."

The undersigned citizens of the United States, resident in India, desire to place before the American people the following: America hitherto has been held in high esteem in India because of her idealism and brotherliness, but the recent Supreme Court decision that Indians are ineligible to become citizens of the United States has decidedly a tendency to diminish this esteem. In fact, it has caused a deep resentment in the mind of India. We do not presume to question the interpretation of the statute by the Supreme Court in this matter. Nevertheless, we cannot let this opportunity go by without registering our regret that such a ruling was possible. It will help to widen the gulf between the East and the West, and will give added impetus to the rising tide of resentment and bitterness against the white exclusiveness.

We deeply regret that our country has any part in augmenting this rising tide. By good-will and friendliness and just dealing between man and man, better moral forces of the world may yet avert a clash and make a more friendly world. We sincerely hope that our country will have a vital part in doing this. We are given to understand that as a result of this decision the Alien Land Act may be enforced and that land now owned and leased by Indians in America may be taken from them. We are not acquainted with the terms on which this may be done, but whether it is on liberal or harsh terms we urge that this act should not be brought into operation so that the insult of deprivation shall not be added to the injury of disenfranchisement.

In support of this we would draw attention to the fact that with the exception of a few of the Native States, Americans may, and do, hold land in India in large quantities, but the same privilege may be denied to Indians in America on the ground that they are aliens. The Golden Rule would demand that the same privilege be extended to Indians in America as is extended to us in India in the interest of good-will and friendliness and fairness. We trust that technicalities will not be taken advantage of to deprive Indians of the land taken in good faith before this ruling was given.

Signed: F. B. FISHER, Calcutta, (Bishop); C. A. R. JANVIER, Allahabad; E. D. LUCAS, Lahore; LOUIS R. SCUDDER, Vellore; J. J. BANNINGA, Madura; R. A. HUME, Ahmednagar; B. T. BADLEY, Calcutta; W. L. FERGUSON, Madras; D. H. MANLEY, Calcutta; E. STANLEY JONES, Sitapur; E. C. WORMAN, Calcutta; and H. D. GRISWOLD, Lahore.

Russia and the Bulgarian Reaction

THE nature of the opposition to the present Bulgarian Government and the attitude of the Russian Government are indicated in the following telegram from the Russian Foreign Minister Chicherin to Premier Zankoff, sent on August 9:

Lately there has been taking place an unbroken series of systematic persecutions, violent attacks, and unheard-of crimes in general on the part of the Bulgarian authorities, acting hand in hand with the White Guard émigrés—the enemies of the Russian people—toward the Russian Red Cross Mission in Bulgaria, the repatriation workers, and ordinary Russians awaiting repatriation. The Russian Red Cross representative in Plevna, Schelpugin, was at first arrested by the Bulgarian authorities and then murdered under mysterious circumstances, being subjected before death to the most refined tortures. Immediately after this another Red Cross representative, Morozov, was nearly beaten to death. After orders had been received from Russia recalling the Russian Red Cross Mission, the Bulgarian Government, on the excuse of lying and calumnious accusations, seized the mission, subjected it to domestic arrest and repeated searches, and announced its expulsion.

It is impossible to recount all the indignities inflicted upon the repatriation workers and Russian citizens by the Bulgarian authorities and the Russian counter-revolutionaries. When the S.S. Ignatii Sergeev, the property of the Russian Government, arrived in Varna to take the Red Cross Mission on board, it was seized by the port and police authorities by order of Governor Chimchiroff. The police by force placed on board a group of 678 persons, without either documents or visas. The commissary of the steamer was inveigled on shore by fraud, arrested by the governor, and assaulted.

From among the vast number of members of the non-partisan Repatriation League arrested, assaulted, and tortured, I can quote as particularly notorious the tortures inflicted upon Yeremin, Popoff, Karaulny, Zhurkevich, Vladimir Inanov, Komar-

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izky, Ludzin, and Panaitov. The Russian citizen Mme Harlambova was arrested for no reason in Varna, struck across the face with a switch, and subjected to six searches with indescribable insults. The Russian citizens awaiting repatriation arrested in Varna were on July 12 subjected to mass torture. M. Gudzenko, representing the Agricultural Exhibition Committee, was also arrested by the Bulgarian authorities, and, according to the information at our disposal, has not yet been released.

These unprecedented crimes were accompanied by a campaign of calumny on the part of the representatives of the Bulgarian Government, taking the form of a number of false statements and insults directed both against the Russian Red Cross Mission and against the Soviet Government. From certain indications in the Bulgarian press, it seems indubitable that the Bulgarian authorities, after seizing the office and archives of the Red Cross Mission, placed forged documents in them to justify the slanderous campaign carried on by Bulgarian ruling circles against the Soviet Republics.

The Union Soviet Government declares that it places full responsibility for the above acts on the Bulgarian Government, and demands the immediate liberation of M. Gudzenko and all the arrested members of the repatriation organizations, as well as all the Russian citizens arrested solely for their desire to return to their native country. The Union Government requests the Bulgarian Government to give full satisfaction, an apology for the above acts, and compensation for all citizens of Russia and the united republics who have suffered loss or injury in connection with these events. It demands the exemplary punishment of all Bulgarian officials guilty of ordering or participating in the acts previously mentioned, and also the most stringent punishment and expulsion from Bulgaria of the Russian counter-revolutionary emigrants who took part.

The Union Soviet Government has to draw attention to the fact that in various regions of the Soviet Republics there are living Bulgarian citizens who hitherto have enjoyed the constantly favorable attitude of the Soviet authorities, who afforded them the possibility of peaceful labor in the Soviet Republics, independently of their party views and political sympathies. This can be attested by the Bulgarian citizens themselves, who well know of all the political and economic advantages arising from friendly relations between Bulgaria and the Soviet Republics, and particularly the importance which trade with Russia has for Bulgaria.

The Union Soviet Government calls the attention of the Bulgarian Government to the serious results of its activities against the Russian people and the people of the Soviet Union. It reminds the Bulgarian Government that the political leaders of the Bulgarian people have more than once complained of the painful position of the latter in its international relations, and to the oppression suffered by the Bulgarian people in other countries. By its policy of violence against Russia, the Red Cross workers, and citizens awaiting repatriation, the Bulgarian Government is acting in conflict with the primary necessity for the Bulgarian people of struggling against the policy of oppression.

Awaiting from the Bulgarian Government an immediate reply to its justifiable demands, the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics will be obliged, if satisfaction be refused, to place on the Bulgarian Government the full weight of responsibility for the consequences, in particular for the repressive measures which against its will the Union Government will be obliged to adopt in the case of certain Bulgarian citizens living in Russia.

At the same time the Union Government protests in the face of the whole world against the provocative activities of the Russian counter-revolutionaries and the present Bulgarian Government, to which peaceful Russian citizens on Bulgarian territory have fallen victims, and which may yet react on certain Bulgarians in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Spanish Labor Limps

THE weakness of labor opposition to the military coup in Spain is explained in part by the following letter from a Spanish Communist leader to the *International Press Correspondence* in which the writer reveals the fatal divisions in the Spanish labor movement:

The Spanish Communist Party is still weak, and the smallness of its membership is the more to be regretted in view of the political tasks by which it is faced. We are up against a Socialist Party which has won no small influence over the masses by forty years of work, and which is at present engaged in winning over those working masses which have hitherto been adherents of that old and historical republicanism now in a state of complete dissolution. We have further to fight for the extermination of the very strong influence of anarcho-syndicalist ideology in the labor movement. Any attempt to form an estimate of the work done by the Communist Party of Spain must accord these facts the fullest consideration—must give due weight to the necessity incumbent on the party of carrying on the struggle simultaneously against an alarmed and cruel bourgeoisie, against a Socialist Party whose political weakness has not yet reached such a point as to bring it into the discredit in which the other parties affiliated to the Hamburg International have fallen, and finally against a deeply rooted anarchist tradition—or the most reckless and incorrect conclusions will be reached. . . . The policy to be pursued in an environment so complicated and so hostile to communism must be neither unintelligent nor rigid.

Have we invariably shown sufficient intelligence and flexibility in our past struggles? We regret to have to admit that this has not been the case. In our party there has been no lack of heroism, self-sacrifice, and revolutionary impatience. But it has been lacking in political grasp of events, and in the capacity to view given situations from the Marxian standpoint. And as errors have always to be paid for in politics, we have had to pay for our political instruction by the loss of positions.

The second congress of the party, held in Madrid in the middle of July, constitutes a decisive landmark in our movement. Now we are beginning to see clearly at last. We seem to have passed through the period of infantile complaints. We also seem to have got over our superficial and ultra-revolutionary conceptions of party action. The congress passed a number of resolutions of an entirely concrete character. . . . Besides this, the unity of the party has been established, and its ideological homogeneity and united organization are a sure pledge that future work will be capable of accomplishing much more than past. To this it must be added that at the present time many circumstances are extraordinarily favorable for a rapid development of the party. The political situation of the country, the ever more disastrous effects of the war in Morocco, the growing antagonisms in the army, and the increasing internal disintegration of the state, all these factors supply the objective premises for the rapid growth of our party. A few days ago, in Madrid, a mass of workers numbering about 10,000, declared themselves in full agreement with the standpoint expressed by a representative of our party on the responsibilities created by the defeat of the Spanish army in Morocco.

With respect to the labor movement, the increasing loss of prestige of the Socialist Party and the obvious decay of anarcho-syndicalist influence are now enabling us to approach the working masses with every prospect of success.

The fact that the two uprisings among the miners in Viscaya and in Seron could be officially led by the Communist Party of Spain is a proof that our prestige is increasing in the sphere of trade unionism, and that the party . . . is none the less possessed by the aspiration to place itself at the head of all proletarian struggles.

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